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GIFT OF

H. L. Gordon



Laconics

(Revised Edition)

HANFORD LENNOX GORDON



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS

114-116 E. 23TH STREET,

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PREFACE.

For years I have made a practice of keeping notes of such thoughts and laconic expressions as I deemed worth preserving. Out of the mass I have now sifted and arranged the contents of this volume.

There are not many thoughts in this book that have not been expressed by others in some form. I have aimed to prune and improve, and have perhaps produced a few hybrids.

"Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best"—*Lowell*.

I have followed the advice of Horace—"Miscerere stultiam consiliis brevem."

I have quoted often—perhaps too freely—from my "*Indian Legends and Other Poems*."

Hanford Lennox Gordon.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
December 30, 1911.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR

HANFORD L. GORDON

ERRATA

To the Reader:

With much regret I call your attention to the more important **errata** in this revised edition of **Laconics**. My main reason for issuing this edition was to correct the typographical errors and omissions in the first edition. There are many more in this.

Under my contract of January 4, 1912, with Charles H. Cochrane (who styles himself "Proprietor of The Shakespeare Press"—114-116 East Twenty-eighth street, New York City) this revised edition of 1500 copies was finally issued in October, 1912. Said contract provided (among other things) as follows: "The proof sheets of said book shall be carefully read and correctly revised by said Cochrane and no typographical errors shall be allowed therein. Correctly revised duplicate proof sheets of all matter of said book shall be mailed to said Gordon before such matter is put into page form, for the purpose of allowing said Gordon to make small changes in the text without extra charge, but he shall not be responsible for typographical errors." I insisted on this because I have always found it difficult to critically proof-read my own productions. Large advance payments were made.

When a copy of this book was finally received by me from said Cochrane, I found nearly one hundred typographical errors, omissions and deviations from copy in it. Some of these are in misspelled words, faulty punctuation and spacing, all contrary to copy. I ask the reader to note and correct in the text the following more important

ERRATA

- Page 4—Line 22, read "The virtues of" instead of "virtue of."
- Page 5—Line 2, strike out the and insert a.
- Page 7—Line 13, strike out a before "few words."
- Page 27—Line 13, strike out a before "crime."
- Page 28—Line 2, from bottom read "lousy" instead of "loway."
- Page 28—Last line, change "shud'nt" to "shudn't."
- Page 31—Line 3, read "struttin'" instead of "walkin'."
- Page 31—Line 4 from bottom, after "fool" add —Bronco Bill.
- Page 32—Lines 18, 20, 21 and 22 (and wherever same error occurs), make "common sense" one word.
- Page 34—Line 12, change "Alus" to "Allus."
- Page 46—Line 11 from bottom, read "gone te" instead of "gone to."

Page 51—Line 12 from bottom, strike out "own" before "doxy."
 Page 70—Line 2, insert * after "ze night."
 Page 97—Line 19, read fools' instead of fools.
 Page 114—Under marriage strike out the misplaced line, "The cheapest labor is the dearest."
 Page 119—Line 9, read "Bronco Bill" instead of "Broncho Bill."
 Page 119—Line 11 from bottom, read "nor" instead of "or."
 Page 127—Line 3 from bottom, insert a comma after "No."
 Page 134—Line 13, strike out "kind of" before "poverty."
 Page 137—Line 8 from bottom, read "And cuts a gem," etc.
 Page 142—Strike out line 4 from bottom (misplaced).
 Page 143—Line 11 from bottom, read "Intu" instead of "Inter."
 Page 157—Line 13 from bottom, "Since" mis-spelled "Sinse."
 Page 160—Line 13 from bottom, strike o out of "reiligion."
 Page 161—Line 3 from bottom, insert "and demagogues" after "thieves."
 Page 162—Line 4 from bottom, strike out the word "all" before "bitters."
 Page 164—Line 8 from bottom, read "ain't" instead of "aint."
 Page 166—Line 8, strike out last word "in" and insert "out."
 Page 167—Line 13, strike out the h in "Broncho."
 Page 174—Line 1, strike out the word "most."
 Page 175—Line 4 from bottom, insert "bis" in lieu of "dis."
 Page 175—Line 11 from bottom, insert "bis" in lieu of "dis."
 Page 175—Line 11 from bottom, read "sordid gold."
 Page 178—Line 10 from bottom, second "death" should be in italics.
 Page 181—Line 17, strike out the hyphen after "Oft."
 Page 182—Line 6, read "ontu" instead of "onter."
 Page 184—Line 11 from bottom, read "breeds" instead of "breed."
 Page 199—Line 2, strike out ? and insert ! —
 Page 208—Line 14 from bottom, read "load of bullion" instead of "loaf of bullion."
 Page 211—Line 15, read "see the animals run wild."
 Page 212—Line 20, insert a hyphen between spread and eagle.
 Page 227—Line 18, correct "did'nt."
 Page 228—Line 16, insert "the" before "B'yne."
 Page 234—Line 6 from bottom, read "fraquently" instead of "frequently."

Notice: By paying to said Cochrane fifty dollars extra over the contract price for manufacturing (without typographical errors) 1500 copies of this book, I have finally gotten out of his hands (as I am informed by my agent in New York) all of the copies (1500) manufactured by said Cochrane, and he has no right to print, publish, issue, sell, or offer for sale, any copy or copies of my said book. This book is not for sale, but will be distributed gratis among my friends and to such persons and libraries as I may direct.

HANFORD L. GORDON.

208 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

October 30, 1912.

LACONICS

A

Abuse. Our appetites are for use, not for abuse.
Everything has its use and abuse.

Acknowledgment. If you have done a wrong thing, do a manly thing—acknowledge it.

Adjectives. He is loaded with adjectives—mostly superlatives.

Adversity. Only in adversity do we come to know ourselves.

Adversity leads the wise to prosperity.

The winds of adversity blow egotism out of us.

Adversity winnows out the chaff and the chaff; the wheat remains.

In adversity—calm; in prosperity—calm.

They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

In prosperity beware of your friends; in adversity they will beware of you.

Advice. Be careful whom you advise, lest he pursue the adviser instead of the advice.

All can give advice; few profit by it.

"It is more blessed to receive" advice than to give advice.

Seek advice rather than praise.

It is easy to give advice after it is done.

Take a few drops of your own advice.

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor; and the less you buy of them the better.

Don't feed advice to a fool: he can't digest it.

Affliction. Strength is born in the silence of affliction.

A proud man, like a generous vine, runs wild and fruitless, unless propped by wisdom and pruned by affliction.

The gem is polished by friction, man by affliction.
The crushed rose gives the sweetest perfume.
The bitters of affliction are a good tonic.

After. It is easy to give advice after the event.
Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

After-thought. His head is full of after-thought.
Every old hat is full of after-thought.

Age. That man never grows old who keeps youth in his heart.
That man is already too old who has lost confidence in himself.

Ahead. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.
Look ahead or you will fall behind.
Put your face to the front, and go ahead.

Aim. Take aim or you will waste your ammunition.

Air—airs. Fresh air, free from care, a walk in the sun, and a little fun, are better than pills for you, my son.
Don't put on airs, you will only air your littleness.

All. One thing is a part of all things.
If we knew everything of one thing, we would know everything of all things.
All for each and each for all.

Alms. The best alms you can give a "hobo" is a sledge-hammer and a rock-pile.

Ambition. Ambition is the germ of noble deeds.

Amend. If you would amend men, begin with yourself, and stay with it.

If you have wronged yourself, make amends.

The Legislature cannot amend or repeal the laws of Nature.

Amusements. Innocent amusements are blessings.

Amusement is as necessary to man as labor.

Unstring the bow or else the bow will break.

No man is wise who is not all his life, betimes, a boy.

Anarchy. Anarchy was born in Hell.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the helpless land.

The hundred-headed monster Cerberus.

Mothered of hell and father of all fiends.

See Liberty run mad and Anarchy,

Bearing the torch, the dagger and the bomb,

Red-mouthed run riot in her sacred name:

Men lapse to savagery and turn to beasts.

Hell-broth—hag-boiled,

Maelstrom of madness, lazar-howled, hag-shrilled.

Discord, demented, flaps her ruffled wings,

And shrieks delirium to her screeching brood.

—*Men.*

A rattlesnake bit an anarchist's hide;

It was the rattlesnake, not the man, that died.

An anarchist!—Drive ten-penny nails in his coffin.

Mad Murder raves and Horror holds her hell.

—*Men.*

****Men murder-mad

Slay for the love of murder.—*Men.*

Government by the multitude is anarchy.

In time of anarchy a dictator is a savior.

Republics breed thieves, luxury and poverty and
end in anarchy.

Anarchy is a cancer on the body politic.

Ancestry—ancestors.

The further back you trace your ancestors the
nearer you get to the brutes.

He has degenerated through a long pedigree from
noble brutes.

He apes his ancestor-apes.

The noblest line in Europe runs back to a robber.

My forefather was Adam.

The son of an illustrious man stands in the
shadow of his father.

Praise your noble ancestors less and imitate them
more.

The family tree of nobility is like a potato-top—
its roots bear all the fruit.

After all, birth is much. "Do we gather figs from
thistles?"

From a noble breed a noble steed.

From good seed a good breed.

The virtue of our ancestors are good, but virtues
of our own are better.

Our ancestors were fine fellows, but they fought
like Kilkenny cats.

He is more deserving than any of his ancestors,
and most of them were hanged.

Here is a little man strutting over the bones of his
ancestors—turn 'im out in the pasture; green
feed is short and the cows need him.

"I can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat to the
English lord, "but I kin boasht av me posterity,
fer Biddy an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em."

If you take pride in your ancestors read back to
the tadpoles.

Angel. A man may look like an angel and act like the devil.

The on'y time I iver got badly "done up" wuz playin' poker with a feller with a angel-face on 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

Anger. Anger begets anger.

Furious rage is for beasts, not for men.

Life is too short for revenge.

Anger costs too much.

The wise man's anger is like fire from a flint—a flash and no more.

Anger is the last argument of a fool.

Temper anger in "sweet oil."

Never go to bed angry: you had better sit up all night.

An angry man "stirreth up strife," and wounds himself.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench a fire with kerosene.

There is an anger that is just—the anger of truth betrayed.

Anger is the match that kindles a fire that burns a city.

Anticipation. Anticipation is sweeter than enjoyment.

Why add the burden of to-morrow to the shoulders of to-day?

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

He anticipates in dreams and dines on a crust.

He hez a "broiler" fer breakfast ez soon ez the hen cackles.—*Bronco Bill*.

Antiquity. How many fetters we willingly wear because they were forged by our forefathers!

Go back to antiquity—to the chimpanzee and the gorilla.

If you take pride in your ancestry read back to the cave-dwellers.

Anxiety. Anxiety is the canker of life.

Reasonable apprehension is safer than too confident security.

No shoulders are broad enough to carry the anxieties of to-morrow on top of the burdens of to-day.

Don't borrow trouble of to-morrow.

Aphorism—Apothegm. Aphorisms are distilled thoughts.

Proverbs are the gold dust of ages.

Diamonds from the drift of ages.

Appendix. "Doctor, I suffer with headache after a hearty dinner." "Clear case of appendicitis, Madam: I will call in the surgeon"—(his silent partner).

Applause. *Vox Populi vox Stultorum.*

It is better to deserve applause than to receive it.

The applause of fools is dispraise.

When men applaud you, ask yourself what you have done.

If you hanker for applause go to the newspapers and buy it.

The echo of his bellow is his only applause.

Apple. You shake the tree in vain: the apples are gathered.

Don't club the tree after the apples have fallen.

Architecture. In a cottage let use be preferred to beauty, in a mansion let use and beauty be combined.

The architecture of a nation is an index of its civilization.

Architecture is art.

It is a long way from the wigwam to the Congressional Library.

Ardor. He is a strong man who in a long struggle can hold his ardor to the end.

Warm up, but don't get hot.

Ardor is good, but fire will scorch.

Argument. Be calm in argument. Anger makes even truth a fault.

The more noise the less reason.

The truth can always be told in a few words.

Winnow the wheat from the chaff.

A clear statement is half the argument.

The last argument of a fool is anger.

—Hear the demagogues,

With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,

Out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

He has a strong argument—he carries a “big stick.”

It is hard arguing against hunger.

An Irish argument—the shillelah.

The point of his argument is so fine that it requires a microscope to discover it.

The argument of the orthodox is based on faith.

His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Aristocracy. Princes and parasites compose mankind;

The herd are parasites of parasites.

God never made two men exactly equal;

A few men are born lords and many underlings.

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools;
 For ages have the learned of the schools
 Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.
 —*The Reign of Reason.*

He wuz one of them English aristocracy: he wuz
 born in a brewery.—*Bronco Bill.*

Armor. Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
 And Truth your weapon—weapon sharp and
 strong,
 And deadly to all error and all wrong.

Armed, cap-a-piè, with God's almighty truth.

Arrogance. None so arrogant as the beggar sud-
 denly rich.

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Art—artist. Artless art is the highest art.
 What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
 What comes from effort only, is but tame.
 Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
 Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;
 As in a picture shadows show the lights,
 So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Nature the only perfect artist is:
 Who studies nature may approach her skill;
 Perfection hers, but never can be his,
 Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill;
 The finest works of art are Nature's shadows still.
 —*Poetry.*

Reveal art, but conceal the labor—"Ars est celare
 artem."

Aspiration. See Man the picture of perpetual want;
 Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land, and he demands the sea;
 Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.
—Men.

Is there no higher aim than cent pro cent?
 Are all our holier aspirations spent?

Most preachers preach from aspiration, not from
 inspiration.

Ass. None but an ass will bray.

“Hurry, for I have a horse to shoe,” said the
 blacksmith to the cobbler mending his shoe;
 “And I have an *ass* to shoe,” said the cobbler.

An ass is known by his bray.

The bray of a jackass is music to the whole herd
 of asses.

The ass deserves his load.

A lion never wears the ears of an ass.

You bray me an ass?—am I your brother?

To a man, reason; to an ass, a goad.

An ass looks wise to an ass.

He was brought up on ass-milk.

A sorry ass is better than no horse.

Association. “All alone” is better than bad com-
 pany.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from
 the company they keep.

Two brave men pulling together are a four-horse
 team.

Association develops men.

It is idle to declaim against great corporations;
 civilization, the welfare of the human race, de-
 mand them; they have come to stay.

Atheism. If miracles will convince the atheist, let
 him look about. All God’s works are miracles.

Miracles?—Yes, God performs miracles by the immutable laws of nature.

Atom. No atom lost and not one atom gained,
Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,
Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.—*Beyond.*

The Universe is made of atoms; moments are the atoms of eternity.

The earth is but a grain of sand,
An atom in a shoreless sea;
A million worlds lie in God's hand,—
Yea, myriad millions!—What are we?—*Fame.*

Audacity. Audacity often wins where merit fails.
Temper audacity with reason.
Audacity and a fool started for the North Pole
in a balloon some years ago; they haven't reported yet.

Authority. Men always worshipped the rising sun.
"Give unto Caesar that which belongs to Caesar,"
but if it belongs to you, keep it yourself.
Power is authority.
"You have no authority to arrest me," said a
greenhorn to a New York policeman.
"I hain't sor?—shmell av me stick," replied the
"cop."

How often the *ipse dixit* of a little judge becomes authority.

B

Babble. Care little for the babble of Babylon: care
for what Truth can say.
Let the babbler babble.

Babies. The "deadly sin" is to bring into the world a child mentally, morally or physically tainted by heredity.

Quality not quantity—breed children as a wise breeder breeds horses, cattle and pigs, and our prisons and asylums would soon be empty.

Jackrabbits breed in litters, Bob,

An' the niggers an' Chinees,

An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers," Bob,

An' by gosh, why shudn't we?—*Bronco Bill.*

Back. He turns his back on the enemy and slashes the wind with his sword.

Don't turn your back on the truth, and always face a lie.

Backward. Don't be backward in coming forward in your own cause.

A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or backward.

He is never backward in coming forward when the dinner-bell rings.

It is sometimes necessary to take a step backward to get a foothold.

Evolution never goes backward?—It may.

Bad. Nothing so bad as it seems.

Take the most of the best and least of the bad.

Nothing so bad that there is no good in it.

Bait. It is rare to find a fish that will bite a bare hook.

A golden hook needs no bait.

There is a bait for every fish.

A bullhead will take the bait that a trout will shy at.

Have your hook always baited;—gudgeons are plenty in every pond.

Bare—barefoot. If you are barefoot look well to your path.

Bard. Better be a good blacksmith than a driveling bard.

Bark. Let the little dogs bark: did you ever hear the moon bark back at the cur?

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite;
But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Bashful. Don't be bashful,—it don't pay.

Bear. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
Forgive and be forgiven;
For charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.

If you kick 'em you will discover the difference
between a skunk and a bear.

Beauty. Beauty needs no letter of introduction.
No blemish, no beauty.
Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool of
a man.
The most beautiful thing is Truth.
Beauty without virtue is a rose with a bad smell.
Beauty—a beautiful soul in a beautiful body.
What good is beauty to the blind?

Beer. The more beer the less bread.

Before. Look before or you will fall behind.
Every old hat is full of regret.

Beg—beggar. The highest price you can pay for
anything is to beg for it.

It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar.
Bid the beggar come to-morrow: give to the
needy now.

Beginning. Begin well and then keep at it.

It is easier to begin than to finish.

Better begin at the bottom and work up, than
begin at the top and work down.

In the beginning a bucket of water will put out a
fire and save a whole city.

Few men know when to begin and when to stop.
The beginnings of great things are little things.

Behind. When you are behind, look before ;

When you are before, look behind.

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

On the wrong road the faster you go the farther
you fall behind.

Behind time. If you are behind time you can't
catch the "Limited" by running.

The wise man is never behind time.

Better five minutes ahead than five seconds be-
hind.

Belief. "I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe,"
said a Scotchman of a dog that wagged his tail
and growled.

Blind belief, what is it but superstition?

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not
know, because they have never deceived us.

Bend. Better bend than break.

Benevolence. I relish the dinner I give to a hungry
man.

I never gave a poor boy a nickel that it didn't do
me more good than it did him.

Best. The best thing a bad man does is his last.

If a man is ignorant of what he is, how can he
know what is best for him?

If you can't have the best, make the best of what you have.

Take the most of the best and the least of the bad.

Betray. When a base man means to betray you, he will be your best friend.

There is an anger that is just, the anger of truth betrayed.

We betray ourselves oftener than others betray us.

Better. Better a skillful blacksmith than a driveling poetaster.

Better go fishing than do nothing.

Better fight than lie down and be run over.

Better a poor bone than no meat.

Beware. Beware of the snare—look a leetle out, und don't put yer fut in it—till it goes off already.—*Hans.*

If he speaks too fair, beware, beware.

Beware of the man you have forgiven; he will never forgive you.

Beware of the man who blows a big mouth and a brass band for the "dear people."

Beyond. The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling Earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,

or ever wilt. Content thee: let it be.

Know only this—there is a power unknown—

Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond.*

That which is manifestly beyond our reach is beyond our desire.

If the grapes are beyond your reach, try a step-ladder.

Bible. The traditions and superstitions of a people are the Bible of that people.

Bigotry. Bigotry is blind in one eye and near-sighted in the other.

Ignorance is ever bigoted.

A bigot and a mule are twin brothers; but the mule is the better man.

"Big Stick"—An Irish policeman.

A strong argument, a "big stick."

Big things. It is not profitable to run afar after big things and neglect the little things that lie all around you.

Bird. An old bird is ware of a little boy with a gun. It is only a "dodo" that runs twice into the same net after chaff.

He's a bird; his head is ful o' feathers. *Bronco Bill.*

Bitterness—bitter. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish for the sweet.

Stolen fruit is always bitter.

The bitters of affliction are a good tonic if you don't take too big a dose.

Blame. In every quarrel both sides are to blame.

It don't take two to have a quarrel; a man can quarrel with himself, and often he ought to.

Blather. Blather and brains don't lodge in the same cockloft.

That shyster has more blather than Blackstone;

If he had more Coke in his cocoanut he would blather less.

Blemish. No beauty without a blemish.

Blind. Who takes a blind man for a guide?

Blind courage is dangerous.

We are blind with our eyes wide open.

What good is beauty to the blind?

Blood. Mother England, Mother England, through
the ages blood will tell,

From the spears that baffled Caesar to the field
where Symons fell;

And from rugged Gael and Saxon, brawny Norsk
and stalwart Danes,

Still the blood of Bruce and Cromwell tingles in
our Yankee veins.—*Mother England.*

Blood will tell even in a Hottentot.

His blood is like the juice of a cucumber.

Blood-hound. Blood-hounds behind and the devil
before.

A blood-hound is a harmless pup if he gets his
nose full of red pepper.

Blossom—blossomed. The blossom withers when the
fruit appears.

He blossomed out in the newspapers.

He hed a peach-blossom on the nub of his nose.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Blunder. Youth is full of blunders that old age
regrets.

The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive
than the blunders of a fool.

The man that never made a blunder lacks educa-
tion.

Blunderbuss. He was a crack shot with a blun-
derbuss.

Blush. He blushes like a Hottentot.

Blush? man, he blushed all over his anatomy.

Boast—boaster. Never boast of what you will do
till you have done it.

Boaster—The man whose roosters lay eggs.
Don't blow your bugle till the battle is won.

Boat. Fair boats that flutter in the sun your sails,
Piping anon to gay and tented shores
Sweet music and low laughter, it is well
Ye hug the haven when the tempest roars;
For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
May dare the deep and breast the billowy sea,
When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
And roars through all his grim and vast im-
mensity.—*Poetry.*

You are in the boat and the devil is at the helm.
Sink or swim, I am in the same boat with you.
"Paddle your own canoe," my boy, but remember
it is easier paddling down-stream than up-
stream.

Body. The body will rest if the mind will let it.
Take good care of the body—it's your work-
machine.

Bold. All gates open to the bold.
Be bold, but don't butt your head against a stone
wall.

Bone. What is bred in the bone will stay there.
How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Backbone is the best bone in your body.
A dog and his bone—let 'em alone.
Go—crack Earth's bones and heave the granite
hills.—*Men.*

I've got it in my bones; I thought it was inspiration, but I guess it is rumytics.—*Bronco Bill.*

Books. The best thoughts of the best minds of the Ages are embalmed in books.

Good books are the best counsellors.

A book that inspires no thought in the reader is not worth reading.

Give me good books, baked potatoes and a log-cabin and I will be content—for a day.

A book that is not worth reading twice is not worth reading at all.

Many books are to be tasted and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

A good book is good company.

There be books and books and books, and not one in a hundred is worth reading.

If books are books, buy 'em by the cord.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
—*Byron.*

Borrow. Who borrows money borrows trouble.

Who pays with honor borrows with ease.

Many are ready to lend to the man who has no need to borrow.

Borrow trouble and pay double.

Who loans much to a friend loses a friend.

Don't borrow trouble, you have enough of your own.

Boston. Boston is no longer boss-town.

Boston is no longer the "Hub," it's only the tail-board.

Bottom. Begin at the bottom and climb to the top.

We sink or swim as we deserve; most of us go to the bottom.

Boy. The boy is the father of the man.

He that is a boy at fifty

Was never very wise or thrifty.

Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.

At sixty play with the boys; at eighty play with the girls.

I wish I war a little boy—

A little boy agin,

Ful uf frolic an' the colic,

Ful uf soda-pop and sin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Brains. Brain and brawn make a giant indeed.

You can give a man advice, but you can't give him brains to profit by it.

Brains don't grow on bushes; they often grow under a straw hat.

He wars a number six hat—mostly filled with har.—*Bronco Bill.*

Brass—brazen. He was born in Brassland and bred in Brazen College.

Is this the golden age, or the age of gold?

The Muses whisper—"Tis the age of brass."

—*Poetry.*

Brass glitters; gold glimmers.

He is as brazen as a brass kettle.

Brave—bravery. A brave leader makes brave men.

Be brave, but don't be brazen.

There are several degrees Fahrenheit between bravery and bravado.

It is fool bravery to butt your head against a stone wall.

He is brave—in the newspapers.

Oi wuz brave enough, sor, but Oi cudn't kape me dom legs from runnin' away wid me.—*Pat.*

Bread.—Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread.—*Poetry*.

Here mouths without bread, there bread without mouths.

The less beer the more bread.

"Jim Hill is a robber," said the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands, you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," said Hill.

Breeches. When the wife wears the breeches, let the husband wear petticoats.

Without a pair of breeches what is man?

Diogenes' two-legged animal without feathers.

Any man is liable to have a breech in his breeches.

Breed—breeding—bred. Breeding in and in, and out

Will breed a mongrel without doubt.

Why not be as careful of the breed of children as of the breed of dogs?

Wisdom and virtue are the gems, good breeding the setting.

She would breed a fever in the blood of a fish.

We are all of the same breed—our forefathers were gorillas.

Bridge. Make a bridge for your adversary to retreat over.

It is a safe bridge that falls before you get onto it.

If you burn the bridge behind you, your pursuers will have to wait or wade.

Be sure you are over before you burn the bridge.

Broth. Hell-broth, hag-boiled.

Cold clam-juice is better than no broth.

He put poison in his enemy's broth, and drank it himself.

Brute. The further back we trace our ancestors,
the nearer we get to the brutes.

He who is cruel to brutes is himself a brute.

"Et tu, Brute!" exclaimed Cæsar when Brutus,
the brute, stabbed him.

The following is not mine. It was written by
my dear friend, Hon. Henry C. Waite (of St. Cloud,
Minnesota), and ought to be embalmed and pre-
served:

"Ransack creation—in and out—

Through all its crooks and crannies,

You'll never find another brute

As big a brute as man is."

Bud. Many a budding genius is nipped in the bud.
If every bud blossomed what a lot of spring poets
we would have!

He would have made a man, but he was blasted
in the bud.

Building. Pride builds a mansion and the loan-
man lives in it.

Don't build a castle till you can pay for it, and
then build it on your own land.

Build for your own eyes and not for the eyes of
others.

Don't build the top story first.

Bull Run. "Oi wuz in the battle av Bul Run; Oi
wuz behint at the Bul, but afore at the Run, Sor,"
said Pat.

Burden. He sighed for the burden, now let him
carry it.

A man without a burden is a burden to himself.
You need a burden for ballast.
A ship without ballast is apt to "turn turtle."
Every man's burden is the burden he needs.
The heaviest burden most men carry is their own folly.
We can carry other people's burdens better than our own.
You will never complain of your burden if you like it.
Pad your shoulders with patience and you will carry your burden easier.
Show me the boy that shirks his burden and I will show you a failure.

Burglar. Every artizan to his trade, said the burglar.

The beggar may laugh at a burglar.
The man who leaves his safe open is an accomplice of the burglar.
Keep your money in the bank and the burglar won't burgle it.

Burn. It is better to turn than to burn.

If you haven't any wood to burn, burn chips.
If you put your finger in the fire, don't complain of the burn.

Bush. He beats the bush to frighten a bogy.

Some men are eternally beating the bush after the bird has "fled away."
Money grows on bushes—in "Green"-land.

Business. Know your own business, and attend to it.

Be busy in your business.
Let your principal business be to mind your own business.

When every one minds his own business, business is good.

Mind your own business and others will mind you.

Men make business and business makes men.

Don't poke your nose into other people's business: poke it into your own.

He minds everybody's business but his own.

He who minds other people's business neglects his own.

But—butt. Don't butt in with your "buts."

Cut out your "buts" and butt into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled over a "but."

Don't butt your head against a stone wall.

He fights like a skunk—butt-end first.

Butterfly. She looks like a buttered butterfly.

Buying. Sellers and buyers are both liars.

Don't buy a stray pig in the brush.

Don't buy what you don't need—it is dear at any price.

Buzzard. Follow the buzzards and you will find the carrion.

By-way. He is on the by-way to ruin.

C

Cackle. She cackles before she lays her egg.

She is always cackling and never lays an egg.

It is a sorry roost where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Calf. Veal should be cheap; calves are plenty.

He worships the golden calf—himself.

He bellows like a bull-calf at the butcher-block.

Calm. Better a tempest now and then than perpetual calm.

Better a little breeze than a dead calm.

He is a good pilot in a calm sea.

In prosperity, calm; in adversity, calm.

A good pilot in a tornado may carelessly wreck his craft in a calm.

Calumny. He that escapes the tongue of calumny
May count himself an angel or an aught.—*Poetry.*

Calumny is a wasp-nest; don't punch it.

Camp—Camp-meeting. It's a cold ride to camp,
Jim, when the jug's run dry.—*Bronco Bill.*

They orter hold culled camp-meetin's in the
winter ter warm up the weather.—*Bronco Bill.*

Candor. Candor gives wings to truth.

Cannon. He fires a cannon at a fly.

Care. Don't cultivate care; it will grow without it.

Careful. Be kearful when you tread on another
man's toes.

Be kearful when yer kick the hind-eend of a
mool.—*Bronco Bill.*

Careless. He who is careless in small things will
fail in great ones.

Cask. Every cask has a bung-hole.

Tap his cask and let the froth out.

A rusty cask may contain good wine.

They are fast turning the wine-casks into water-
wagons.

You may fill the cask at the bung-hole and let it leak out at the spigot.

Castle. He that builds castles in the air will seldom build one on land.

A man's house is his castle if it's only a wigwam.

Cat. Don't mew pussy cat to me.

Beware of a black cat and a grey-eyed woman.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling woman.

Caught. He set a trap for his adversary and put his own foot in it.

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket-line. "Bring him in," replied his captain. "Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat." "But the dom hathen won't let me," said Pat. This is the origin of "Caught a tartar."

Cause. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to win.

Caution. Caution may be carried to timidity.

An over cautious general seldom wins a battle.

Caution is good if you don't take too big a dose of it.

Chaff. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

Don't spend your time looking for a grain of wheat in a stack of chaff.

Out of a bushel of chaff one little grain of wheat!

The popular breeze catches the chaff.

Chaff me no chaff: I am hungry for bread.

A pint of wheat will feed more hens than ten sacks of chaff.

Chance. He who invests in a lottery takes a slim chance for his money.

In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for chance.

In the sea of chance one fishes for cod and catches a herring; another fishes for herring and catches a devil-fish; another fishes for suckers and is caught on his own hook.

Don't take a little chance without a big chance.

Chancery. Chancery is the court of chance.

He is taking a chance in chancery.

Don't take a chance in chancery if you can help it; it costs fifty dollars to get in, and all you have to get out.

Change. Change is the order of the universe.

The voices of the hoar and hurrying years

Cry from the silence — "Change! — perpetual Change."

The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self same tune
Forever.—*Change.*

Dust of the desert are thy walls

And temple towers, O Babylon!

O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls,

And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"—he can,
with a paint-pot.

Bet your small change and hold onto the eagle.

Change is a good thing in your pocket.

The main difference between an "old foggy" and a mule is this—the mule can change his mind, but the "old foggy" can't.

A sudden change of climate is good for a defaulter.

Character. Every good character has four corner-stones: Truth, Charity, Self-denial, Fortitude. We build our own characters. From the same materials one man builds a palace, another a prison.

Our reputation is what people say of us, our character is what we are.

If character be rooted in truth, the flower and fruit thereof will be beautiful.

Character may make a reputation, but reputation don't make a character.

Charity. Let your charity begin with your wife. Our Christian charity has broadened into a crime. The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity continued will be to fill the world with weak-lings, lunatics and criminals.

"God help you" is cheap charity.

Most men are charitable—to themselves.

It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar. Have a little charity for the sane, the industrious and the frugal.

Charity for the criminal encourages crime.

Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,

Forgive and be forgiven;

For charity is the golden key

That opens the gate of heaven.

The only word written by Jesus

Was Charity—writ in the sand.—*Charity.*

Chase. He chases three hares at once—all running in different directions.

He chased a phantom all his life and never caught it till the Devil caught him.

Chase the Devil around a stump and he will catch you by your coat-tail.

Chatter. She chatters likes a bluejay on a corn-crib.
I had rather listen to a chatterer than a flatterer.
Chatter-boxes hold nothing but noise.

Cheap. What seems cheap may prove dear.
Nothing is cheap that you do not need.
A bargain-counter is a pick-pocket.
Most women would buy butterflies and go hungry
if somebody said they were cheap.
Cheap is a great cheat.
Cheap is a dear shop to trade in.

Cheerfulness. 'Tain't easy to be cherful with the
toothache.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cheerfulness is the child of good health and good
heart.

He's as cheerful as a corpse.

Chickens. Stray chicks come home with few
feathers.

He counts his chickens as soon as the hen cackles.
Mrs. Meloney's spring-chicken was a goose.
She is just featherin' out, but she cackles like an
old hen.

"I'm no spring-chicken," said the "grass-widder."

Child—children. The child is pleased with a rattle,
and so is the man.

Little children—little babies;
Men are only bigger babies.

Sweet is the lute to him who hath not heard
The prattle of his children at his knees.—*Men.*

Why not be as careful of the breed of children as
of the breed of dogs?

Jack-rabbits breed in litters, Bob,
An' the Niggers an' Chinees,
An' the lazy, lowsy "Greasers," Bob,
An', by Gosh, why shud'nt we?—*Bronco Bill.*

Christianity—Christian. In some things the teachings of Christianity conflict with the laws of Nature:

Christianity would save the imbecile, the idiot, the hopelessly insane and the criminal. Nature decrees the survival of the fittest.

The doctrines of Jesus cannot repeal or amend the laws of Nature.

The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity continued will be to fill the world with weaklings, lunatics and criminals.

Church. The modern church is a good social club.

We build churches to honor ourselves.

The choir sing psalms to praise themselves.

Most preachers preach for themselves.

A great preacher is a great teacher.

Jesus was a great teacher, so was Confucius.

Whenever God erects a house of prayer,

The Devil always builds a chapel there;

And 'twill be found, upon examination,

The latter has the largest congregation.—*De Foe.*

Circle. Eternity is a circle without circumference.

The universe is a circle without diameter or circumference.

He talks in a circle and never reaches the end.

Circumstances. Napoleon made circumstances?

Circumstances made and unmade Napoleon.

Man is a creature of a thousand whims,

The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.

"I'm broke, pard: I'm the victim uf circumstances." "But yer made 'em yerself, Jo."

—*Bronco Bill*

City. In the city we long for the country; in the country we pine for the city.

The devil is in the country; more's the pity,
For the devil's surely in the city.

Cain—the slayer of his brother—built the first city.

Great cities are hot-beds of crime and corruption.
Great cities are full of little men.

The country feeds the city—with “garden-sass”
and greenhorns.

Civility. Nothing costs less and pays better than civility.

Civility costs nothing and buys much.

Civilization. What is civilization? A coat of varnish on the hide of the brute.

Climax. He deals in superlatives and always caps the climax.

Climb. You must climb as you crept—on your hands and knees.

The higher he climbs the further he has to fall.

The higher he climbs the plainer yer kin see the biggest part uf 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

Clinch. He clinches his argument with his fist.

Cloak. If you would see men as they are, look under their cloaks.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

Hypocrisy always wears a cloak.

We patch the cloak of truth with many a lie.

Clothes. An' ez fer clo'es, Mynherr, he chose

A cow-skin fer his “kleid,” Bob;

The women wore knee-petticoats,

An' bare skin underside, Bob.—*Bronco Bill*.

A tailor can make a coat, but only God can make
a man to wear it.

Thar goes a suit uf clo'es walkin' down the street.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Clouds. There will be some cloudy days. Don't
worry.

If there were no clouds we would tire of the sun-
shine.

Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Coach. In a coach at twenty; on foot at forty.

Coal. Don't waste your wind blowing cold coals.

Coat. Have your coat cut according to your pants.

If your tongue is sour coat it with honey.

Look out for vice in a swallow-tail coat.

He wore a swaller-tail coat an' tew patches under
it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Cobbler. He gave his awl, 'twas all he had to give.
Better be a good cobbler than a poor lawyer.

Cock—cock-sure. It is a poor coop where the cock
cackles and the hen crows.

He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-
lofts want tenants.

Cocoanut. That lawyer has no Coke in his cocoa-
nut.

College. 'Tain't no use tu send a brayin' ass

Tu any college-school,

Fer the less he knows the more he knows,

Like any ether fool.

When the "Kid" came home from College he fired
Latin at the flock, and *forte dux fel flat in*
guttur.

Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log cabin.

Colt. He prances like a colt in clover.

Every old hoss was a colt once.

Let the colt prance—he'll feel the straps soon enough.

That colt was born an "old hoss."

Cold water. A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.

Combine. Thar ain't no show fer a pore mortal no more: the doctors, the drugists, the surgeons an' the undertakers hev all combined, an' the preachers hev applied tu git into the "Trust."—*Bronco Bill.*

Combustion. He is in a chronic state of spontaneous combustion.

Command. Keep cool and command.

He who commands himself will command others.

Common law. Common law is common sense.

Common sense. The most uncommon thing is common sense.

Wisdom is common sense.

Fill the basement with common sense, and the upper floors with learning.

Communism. Civilization is founded upon the right of the individual to acquire and enjoy property.

Communism would send us back to barbarism.

Communism prevails in the lowest barbarism—among the natives of the Cannibal Islands and the Hottentots of Africa.

Communists demand the equal division of unequal earnings.

Communism is Socialism, and Socialism leads to Anarchy.

Socialism would destroy the right of property, the family relations and the aspirations of men.

Socialism would pull down the highest to the level of the lowest.

Men are not created equal any more than the beasts of the field or the trees of the forest.

The survival of the fittest is the law of Nature and will prevail.

Communism destroys ambition and without ambition man becomes a brute.

Company. The man who is tired of himself seeks worse company.

Better alone than in bad company.

Suit your conversation to your company.

A good book is good company.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from the company they keep.

Compensation. If the poor man sometimes lacks a dinner, the rich man often lacks a stomach for it.

If you are proud of your acquirements look up to those above you; if dissatisfied with your lot, look down on those below you.

Nature compensates; she gives every man his due.

Complaint. When we stop to complain fortune forsakes us.

Complaint cures nothing.

Conceal. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

The revealed is concealed and the concealed is revealed.

Conceit. The more one boasts of himself, the less others boast of him.

Self-conceit is a cheat, but it always cheats itself.

Self-conceit is first cousin to a fool.

Self-conceit is nursed in small brains.

Concentrate. Concentrate on one thing at a time.
Concentration is power.

Condemn. The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of others.

Hear before you condemn.

Every tale an' true his-story

Alus hez tew sides ontu it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Confessor. We like to be confessor to others, but not to ourselves.

Confession. He is a wise man who confesses to himself and makes amends.

Confident. It is well to be confident, best to be sure.

Conflict. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between science and superstition.

Conjecture. Feed me not on conjecture; give me a spoonful of fact.

Conquer—conqueror. If your enemy is noble, conquer by kindness; if brutal, by force.

The wise conqueror shields the conquered.

To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.

Conscience. Conscience is a constant witness, but rarely comes into court.

Most men fit their conscience to their acts.

Consistency. It is better to be right than consistent.

He was born an ass, and continues consistent.

Constancy. Constancy in the right is one of the cardinal virtues.

Content. When we are content with ourselves we are content with our neighbors.

Ef yer ain't content with biled beans an' bacon,
yer wudn't be content with fried fish an' "flap-
jacks."—*Bronco Bill*.

Contentment. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

O man, thy wisdom is but folly still;

Wiser the brute and full of sweet content.—*Men*.

Contentment is the philosopher's stone that turns
all it touches to gold.

Ah, sweet content the blessing of the blest,

Upon thy cheerful table, east or west,

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago*.

Contentment is the wisdom of the wise.

Contrast. We judge by contrast: all things go by pairs.

Conversation. Say the right thing at the right time.

If you would be a good conversationalist, be a
good listener.

Suit your conversation to your company.

Conversion. Sudden conversions are shams.

Coquette. A coquette is a woman without heart
who makes fools of men without brains.

Cork. He wuz frum Cork, an' we cudn't cork 'im
up.—*Bronco Bill*.

Corn. Where weeds grow corn will grow.

The farmer grows corn on his field; the dude
grows corn on his toe.

"How's the corn-crop?" asked Bronco Bill of a
corn-doctor.

Corporation. It is idle to declaim against great
corporations. Civilization and the welfare of
man demand them. They have come to stay.

The state is a great corporation; we are all stock-
holders in it; but we better "look a little out"
or the directors will get away with the divi-
dends.

Counsel—counsellor. Take counsel of the night.

If you counsel others follow it yourself.

Fear is a bad counsellor.

Don't give counsel to a fool—he knows more than
you do.

Count. Counts don't count in America.

Counts are of little account, and most of the
barons are barren.

When you are angry, count sixty and hold your
tongue.

Country. The large city is the maelstrom of vice
into which the country pours its youth.

The country feeds the city—with "garden-sass"
and greenhorns.

Courage. The brave man is never a blusterer.

Men admire courage and despise a coward.

Courage and caution win the battle.

Courage is a better man with his fist than a
coward with a cudgel.

Fortify courage with patience.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

Blind courage is dangerous.

Cousin. A poor man has few cousins.

Courts of justice. I know a little squint-eyed judge
just big enough to wiggle on the bench.

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

The brass-band demagogue advises "the dear
people" to appeal from the courts to the mob.

Cover. Truth drives the liar under cover.

When it rains, split shakes are better than no
cover.

Coward. None but a coward kicks a man that is
down.

To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.
Fate likes to stab a coward in the back.

A tyrant is always a coward.

A coward has the courage of a rat: a rat will fight
when driven into a corner.

Fortune hates a coward.

Cowards invite defeat, the brave command vic-
tory.

Crab—crab-tree. The timid man walks backward
like a crab.

The crab-tree may bear pippins if well grafted.

Craft. Craft and cruelty are twins.

Craft often puts his own foot in it.

Crank. Full of isms and schisms, he has humors
in his blood and tumors in his brain.

Creation. In the perfect circle of creation not an
atom is lost.

Credulity—credulous. Credulity is as natural to a
fool as milk to a calf.

Promises are pitfalls to the credulous.

Creed. I believe in the creed of Nature.

Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.
Aye, all the creeds of politics or priests
Can't make one error truth, one truth a lie.

Above all cant, all arguments of men,
Above all superstitions, old or new,
Above all creeds of every age and clime,
Stands the eternal Truth—the creed of creeds.

—*Men.*

Men fit their creeds to their interests.

Creep. Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.
Cowards creep—men walk upright.
You must creep till you can walk.

Crime. Crime begets crime, as good begets good.
Fear is the constant shadow of crime.
For the same crime one man goes to the gallows,
another to a throne.
Vice leads to crime, yet we wink at vice and abhor
crime.
He that defends a crime commits a crime.
Punish crime to protect the innocent.

Criticism—critics. He who looks only for faults
will never find beauty in anything.
Critics are cleaners of other men's clothes.
Critics are divided into bees and spiders: where
the bee finds honey, the spider gathers venom.
Fair criticism is like a fanning mill that separates
the wheat from the chaff.
Average literary criticism is like stale beer.
Every slop-wash on a newspaper considers him-
self a critic.

A critic is a literary detective.

"You know who the critics are? The men who
have failed in literature and art."—*Benjamin
Disraeli.*

Crisis. "What will we fire at?" asked the sergeant.
 "Didn't you har Cunnel say that the Crisis hez cum? Fire at the Crisis!" Capt. Bragg at the battle of Buena Vista.—*Bronco Bill*.

"Hev we com tu the cry, Sis?" said the cow-boy to his half-breed sweetheart.

Cross. He's hankerin' for a "Cross of Gold" and would wear a "Crown of Thorns" to get it.

Crowd. If you are in the crowd, crowd ahead.
 Don't wear corns in a crowd.

Cruelty. Cruelty is born of cowardice.
 He who is cruel to dumb brutes is himself a brute.
 The cruelty of Nature is kindness.
 Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.

Culture—cultivation. Culture is to the man what cultivation and pruning are to the vine.

Cunning. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools,
 For ages have the learned of the schools
 Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

The cunning man always gets cheated.
 Cunning sets a trap for others, and puts his own foot in it.

Cup. He quaffs the cup of bitterness and smiles.
 Yer can't git tew drinks out uf an empty cup.
 —*Bronco Bill*.

Cur. To a yelping cur a bone or a bat.
 A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.
 Be a mastiff if you will—a cur—never.
 When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

Cure. Complaint cures nothing.

There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.

When nature cures the doctor sends in his bill.

One doctor may cure—three kill.

Curses. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.

Custom. We march to the music of the times.

All men are slaves; yea, some are slaves to wine,

And some to women, some to glimmering gold,

But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Custom rules men; fashion, women.

Custom is a tyrant.

I notice, Jim, thet in polytics an' religin it's gittin'

tu be the custom tu cuss.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cycle. All things move in cycles.

Cypher. In the column of units most men are cyphers.

It takes more than a million cyphers to make one unit.

D

Dainties. Unbought dainties are the best.

Dally. Don't dally with danger.

His name wuz Dally, but he didn't dally when the

dinner-bell rung.—*Bronco Bill.*

Danger. Meet unavoidable danger half-way.

Take danger by the horns.

In danger, valor; in peace, charity.

Fear danger afar off; when it approaches, face it.

In dodging one danger don't run into another.

In safety beware of danger.

When the danger is past the praying is over.

Fear doubles the danger.
Don't dally with danger.

Dark. Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see
Either the dark beginning or the end,
Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

If you are in the dark, hark.

Day—to-day. To-day is ours; to-morrow?—to-mor-
row?—there is no to-morrow.

"I have lost a day," mourned a great Roman:

Most of us lose half our days.

Every day in your life is worth saving.

He spends his money to-day and makes it to-
morrow.

Dead. He that waits for dead men's shoes will
have cold feet.

Don't embalm a dead jackass.

Pity not the dead, but the living.

I think he is dead, said the doctor; I'll cut him
open and find out.

"Whin Oi'm dead," said Mike, "I don't want te
be buried alive."

Death. We know not what life is; how may we
know

Death—what it is, or what may lie beyond?

And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death*?—or but a happy change

From night to light—on angel wings to range,

And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we
know.—*The Reign of Reason.*

Matter to matter, mind to mind returns.

Death passes the brave and catches the coward.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

—*Young—Night Thoughts.*

Debt. The highest price you pay for anything is
to run in debt for it.

If you are in debt you don't need an alarm clock.

If you would sleep sound keep out of debt.

Pay your debts first and give presents afterwards.

Pay the debt of Natur? I don't owe Natur nothin',
she never done nothin' fer me.—*Bronco Bill.*

Deceit. I had rather be cheated now and then, than
to believe all men rascals.

He who begins by deceiving others will end in
deceiving himself.

If one attempts to deceive you let him believe you
are deceived.

Who deceives others deceives himself.

Deception deals in generalities.

Deceit is the weapon of the weak.

Little minds deal in deceit.

Decency. Virtue and decency are close kin.

Deception. We deceive ourselves oftener than we
deceive others.

If you deceive others you will deceive yourself.

Self-deception is a pit-fall dug by yourself.

Decimals. It takes more than a million decimals to
make one unit.

Decision. The man who does not learn to say "No"
will be a Nobody.

It is easier to say "No" than to say "Yes" and
suffer for it.

When you are in doubt it is safe to refuse.

Take pride in saying "No" when you ought to
say it.

Don't sit a-straddle the fence—decide.
In a doubtful case defer decision.

Deeds. I care little for words: show me his deeds.
One good deed is a stepping-stone to another.
What we have done makes us what we are.
Great deeds are the stepping-stones to fame.
Good deeds are good seeds.
Let your deeds praise you, your tongue, never.
Words are cheap; deeds are dear.
A bad deed is seed sown for bad weeds.
Virtue without deed is gone to seed.
Deeds are more eloquent than words.
One evil deed opens the door for many.
A man is the heir of his own deeds.

Deep. He dives deep and brings up mud.
His reasoning is so deep that he can't fathom it himself.

Defeat. In every great cause defeat is the first step on the road to victory.

Grim in disaster, bravest in defeat.—*Pauline*.
To a brave man defeat is the first step to victory.

Defense—defend—defender. He that defends his own rights defends mine.
Defend what you have fairly won.
If your enemy "smite you on one cheek," turn the other and—defend it.

Defects. All great men have defects; you have a few yourself.

Delay. To-morrow is the first day in the fool's calendar.
While you delay the opportunity slips.
To delay is to forget.

Delay is dangerous—with a pack of wolves in the rear.

If you are angry—delay.

If you are in serious doubt—delay.

The cat caught the rat by delay.

Deliberation. Consider deliberately; act promptly.

Deliberate promptly when occasion is urgent.

Deliberate—deliberate!—he was always deliberating and never did anything else.

Delusion. The phantom Delusion flits ever before us and beckons us on.

When a little man gets a delusion he hangs to it like a dog to a bone.

Fools feed on delusions, wise men on facts.

Demagogue. In a republic demagogues spring up like toadstools.

The prime object of the demagogue is to gain the applause of the mob; and he will fit his own conscience to the applause.

The demagogue is always with us.

Hear the demagogues

Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd;

With brazen faces full of empty noise

Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Demand. Yield to the demand of your own conscience.

He demands double pay for being honest.

Every hour makes a demand on us.

Democracy. In a democracy, as in a caldron, the scum rises to the top.

In all history Democracy has proved a tyrant.

The mob is a many headed brute.

Democracy is a failure—the masses must be led and controlled by strong and wise leaders.

It is as natural for men to follow a leader as it is for sheep to follow a bell-wether.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

—*Men.*

Desert. Even in the desert of Sahara there are wells and garden-spots.

There is water in "Death Valley" if you dig for it.

Dust of the desert are thy walls

And temple-towers, O Babylon;

O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls

And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

Desire. That which is manifestly beyond our reach is beyond our desire.

Man often desires that which he ought to dread, and dreads that which he ought to desire.

Our ardent desires spring from our passions.

We easily imagine what we earnestly desire.

Despair. Despair comes to the coward, never to the brave.

Come foul or fair, come trouble and care,

No—never a sigh or a thought of despair.

—*Chickadee.*

Despise. If you despise your neighbors, your neighbors will despise you.

If we despise the world, the world will despise us.

Despise not trifles; there are no trifles in this world.

Despotism. The rule of the majority is often the worst of despotism.

There is no despotism like that of the many-headed monster—the mob.

Detraction. Detraction crushes the weak, but strengthens the brave.

Devil. The devil is always in a hurry.
There is a devil in every kernel of corn.
There is no devil like a she-devil.
Give the devil his due and he'll get you.

"The devil be damned," is what we preach, you
know it—

At mass and vespers, holy-bread and dinner;
From priest to pope, from pedagogue to poet,
We sanctify the sin and damn the sinner.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

"He's ez bad ez the divil made 'im, an' a dom sight
bether," said Pat.

When the devil is taking a nap, go softly.

If the devil were dead who would feed the priest?
The devil is dead, but the poor still pay Peter-
pence.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other
name is *Ignorance*.

Don't dam the devil, Jim: ef thar war no devil
thar wudn't be no religin an' no priests.

—*Bronco Bill.*

"Where are ye goin', Pat?"

Pat: "Me boy Tim hez rooned away and gone to
the divil, an Oi'm follyin' afther 'im."

Diamond. He will read and range and rhyme in
vain

Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.

Truth sparkles in his song and like a diamond
gleams.

—*Poetry.*

He polishes a pebble and imagines it a diamond.
Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

Dice. Don't shake dice with the devil.

Diet. To a hungry man a fish is as good as a fowl.
 Don't let the doctor diet you into the dump-hole.
 What is good for the stomach is good for the liver.

Dictator. In times of anarchy a dictator is a savior.
 Nature is the dictator and we have to "fall in."

Difficulty. Difficulties are spurs to a brave soul.
 Difficulties surmounted become pleasures.
 Difficulties surmounted prove the man.

Diffidence. Be modest, but don't be diffident.
 Self-respect and self-reliance are cardinal virtues.

Diligence—diligent. If the weaver is diligent Fortune will furnish the thread.
 Don't be diligent in doing nothing.
 Don't be diligent in a bad cause.
 Be diligent in good works and others will help you.

Dime. A dime saved is a dollar earned.
 Ten cents make a dime—ten dimes make a dollar—put the dollar in the Savings Bank.

Dinner. The best hour for dinner is when you are hungry.
 He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.

Dirt—dirty. He that flings dirt fouls his own face.
 He is a dirty dog that slanders a woman.
 Send your dirty shirt to the wash-tub.
 He wuz a great polytician; he cud eat a peck uf puddin' with his friends an' a peck uf dirt with his enemies.—*Bronco Bill*.

Disappointment. Our lost hopes are stepping-stones to peace.

Disappointment is the lot of every one,—try it again.

Disappointment weakens the weak, and braces the brave.

Discontent. God never intended men to be content; discontent spurs us forward.

The improvements of man are caused by discontent.

Discretion—discrete. Discretion is a safe guide.

Zeal without discretion is an ass without a bridle.

A discrete man says less than he knows.

A discrete woman wears cotton in her ears.

Disease. Vanity is a disease—often hereditary.

Disgrace. The fear of disgrace, more than the love of virtue, deters men and women from vice.

Dishonesty. The apparent success of the dishonest is a temptation to fools.

Disparagement. He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

Dispraise. The applause of fools is dispraise.

Dispute. In a hot dispute he argues best who says the least.

Distance. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,
While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet. *Men.*
Distant danger is too often despised.

Distrust. To think and feel we are able is usually to be able.

Don't distrust yourself.

Distrust the "sweet oil" fellow, and the woman with virtue on her tongue.

Do. Do it yourself.

Do something. Make at least an ear of corn grow
 where none grew before.
 Do and it will soon be done.
 Do something worth doing.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing
 well.—*Chesterfield.*

Doctor. If you send for a doctor you will be ill;
 If you send for two, better make your will.
 Keep your heart warm, your head cool, and defy
 the doctors.

"I am waiting for a patient like Patience on a
 monument," said a young doctor to his Irish
 servant.

"An' whin ye gits 'im," said Pat, "it won't be
 long afore the monument be on the patient."

Death is the only doctor that cures all.

Nature cures the disease and the doctor sends in
 his bill.

The doctor's bills are as bad as his pills.

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin, dochter."

"What kind, Pat?" "Only kind ye carry, doch-
 ter."

"What is the matter with you, Pat?"

"Oi'm weary o' fightin' wid Biddy, Sor, an' Oi'm
 dyin' te be kilt."

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the
 doctor, and the less you buy of them the better.

The doctor cured the disease by killing the pa-
 tient.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are
 dead.

"I have a dangerous case," said the doctor. "Sure
 ye hev thot, dochter, an' it's yer midicin-case,"
 said Mrs. Maloney.

"What is your practice?" asked a young doctor

of an old one. "I practice on my patients," replied the honest old doctor.

"Doctor, I have a sore toe." "Sure sign of appendicitis, sir: I will call in a surgeon."—(*his silent partner.*)

Dog. Don't kick a mad dog.

Let a barking dog sleep on the back porch.

If you must be a dog, be a bull-dog.

When the dogs bark hold your tongue.

Poor people keep dogs to eat the bread of their children.

"I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe," said a Scotchman, of a dog that wagged his tail and growled.

A barking dog scares the game.

Every dog needs a master.

A dog at his bone, let him alone.

When an old dog growls, beware.

When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

"Cavey, cane 'em," yelled the "Soph," when the dogs barked at the Latin professor.

(*"Cave canem"*—beware of the dog.)

Dog-fight. It's a dog-fight: I bet on the bull-dog.

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,

But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dollar. Better a dollar to-day than a promise of two to-morrow.

We still worship an idol—"the Almighty Dollar."

Done. Nothing is done until it is finished.

What is done is done and be done with it.

Better be done right than be half-done in a hurry.

What is not well done is not done at all.

Door. A wasteful cook will throw food out of the

back door as fast as you can bring it in at the front.

Don't open the door of your heart to everybody.
When suspicion creeps in at the back door confidence walks out at the front.

Doubt. Doubt is the mother of truth.

In doubt, delay.

Some people are always in doubt and never get out.

Down. Lie down and the world will walk over you.

It is easier to get down than to get up.

Only a coward will kick a man who is down.

The man who goes down and rises again is made of good stuff.

Three times down an' three times up:

Yer better tackle sum ether pup.—*Bronco Bill*.

If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-hill we would all be at the top.

Doxy. Keep your "doxy;" I have a "doxy" of my own.

Every preacher hez his own "doxy," an' some on 'em hez three er four.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dream. Oh let me dream the dreams of long ago.

And still a phantom haunted all my dreams,

Awake or sleeping, for awake I dreamed.

I dreamed a dream, and in my dreams I dreamed

That all my dreams are dreams—mere idle dreams.

Dreamed!—O my soul, and was it all dream?

Dreams will do for a midnight "lunch," but give me eggs on toast for breakfast.

Dregs. As with poor wine so with the populace—agitation brings the dregs to the top.

Dress. The Hottentot is in full dress—Nature was his tailor.

A dress-suit on a donkey.

Jist think of that!—a stove-pipe hat,

Ez slick ez greased with lard, Bob;

Kid gloves, silk tie, and sich ez that

Stuck onter our ole pard, Bob.—*Bronco Bill*.

If it were fashionable to go naked women would appear in public in the full-dress of Nature.

He wore a sweller-tail coat an tew patches under it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Drift. It is easier to drift than to stem the current. Politicians are mostly drift-wood.

Drone. We work one day for ourselves and two for the drones.

Drive the drones out of the hive.

Drunkennes—drunkard. Fools marry drunkards to reform them.

A man can get drunk on vanity.

Most men get drunk on success.

Dude. When the dude came home from Harvard it rained Latin, and *Forté dux fel flat in guttur*.

Dudes will dawdle and girls will giggle.

He's a young dude—a dandy in diapers.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Dupe. A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman.

He is duped by himself.

Duplicity. No man can stay long on both sides of the fence.

Ole pard Teddy, don't fergit it;

An' don't yer take the chance.

Carry worter on both shoulders,

An' yer bound ter wet yer pants.—*Bronco Bill*.

Duty. Daily duties are as wholesome as daily bread.

There is no path of safety but the path of duty.

There is strength in every duty done.

Duty and happiness are linked together.

Do the duty which lies nearest.

On the rock of duty stand steadfast.

In dreary camp, on weary tramp,

With "forty rounds" and blistered feet,

Through thicket, flood and fever-fen,

On picket in the rain and sleet,

In bloody fight, in sore defeat,

You did your duty:—ye were men.—*Message, etc.*

He wuz allus ready tu du his duty when he cudn't shirk it.—*Bronco Bill.*

E

Ear. All ears and eyes and no tongue.

She cocks her ears for scandal.

Against gossip stuff your ears.

Early rising. Better to rise late and be wide awake,
than to rise early and be half asleep.

"The early bird catches the worm," but it's the early worm that's caught.

Earth. The earth is but a grain of sand,

An atom in a shoreless sea;

A million worlds lie in God's hand,

Yea, myriad millions: what are we?—*Fame.*

Let us possess the earth before we reach out for the stars.

We draw our mother-milk from Mother Earth.

The Earth is the mother of us all:

We are born from her womb, and sleep in her bosom.

Easy. An easy trot goes far in a day.

You can't be easy doing nothing.

Eating. You can reach most men's hearts through their stomachs.

The poor man toils to get food for his stomach;
the rich man to get a stomach for his food.

A good eater, a good worker.

Don't eat your own heart—try a hen's gizzard.

Eccentricity. Eccentricity in dress or manners is vanity or insanity.

A monkey's tail is no prettier for being painted red.

Long-haired poets are out of fashion.

Genius and eccentricity are not twins.

He wuz an eccentric "cuss"; he writ poetry an'
wore long hair an' kid gloves, an' tew patches
on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill*.

Echo. His grandfather was a great man; he is only an echo of an echo.

She warbles to the echo—her only applause.

Ebb. Every flow has an ebb.

When the tide is in catch fish, when it ebbs dig clams.

Economy. If your out-go exceeds your income, you will soon touch bottom.

Economy and industry turn iron into gold.

Economy and industry are the philosopher's stone.

Education. Our education begins when we are born and ends when we do.

Education is our only salvation.

Study Nature and get educated.

No man ever finished his education.

Observation and experience are the best educators.

Let mental and physical training keep even pace.
Don't stuff your mind; pack it carefully.

Fill the bag with wheat and there will be no room for tares.

Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log cabin.

Just-out-of-college—"I have finished my education." Young man, you have finished before you begun.

True education should teach the useful and the good.

Eel. You have an eel by the tail; hold him if you can.

Effect. He doctors the symptoms, not the disease.
Few reason from effect to cause, or from cause to effect.

Effort. What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*

Nothing done without effort.

Let your efforts be directed by reason.

Effort will not turn a donkey into a race-horse or a mud-hen into an eagle.

Mis-directed effort is time and money wasted.

Eggs. "They are egging him on," said a wag, when they rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Don't sit on stale eggs,—let the old hen do that.

It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.

He wuz allus lookin' fer aigs in last-year's bird-nests.—*Bronco Bill.*

Said Pat to Mike at a lunch-counter: "Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em."

"Spake aisy, Pat," said Mike, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins."

Egotism. Egotism is near-sighted.

Self-praise stinks in the mouth.

Let thy deeds, and not thy tongue, praise thee.

Better overrate than underrate your own worth.

Why shouldn't a man admire himself? he is "the noblest work of God."

Don't imagine yourself the center of gravity.

He is so ful uf himself thet he hain't got no room fer common sense.—*Bronco Bill*.

Eloquence. True eloquence consists in saying the right thing in the right way, at the right time and the right place.

When the heart speaks the tongue is eloquent.

Truth is always eloquent.

Emancipation. The will was the will of God, the hand was the hand of Lincoln.

Emergency. Be prepared for emergencies.

Look out for the unexpected.

Employment. A life of employment is a life of enjoyment.

Be employed at something if it is only in kicking yourself.

Empty. When his belly is full his head is empty.

Don't drop your bucket into an empty well.

It is hard drawing wine out of an empty cask.

It takes too long to get a drink out of an empty jug.

End. In the beginning look to the end.

Let the means and the end justify each other.

Don't monkey with the tail-end of a wasp.

It takes him too long to get to the tail-end of his tale.

Enemy. Conquer your enemies, but do not humiliate them.

Fight your enemies to make them your friends.

Study your enemies.

Men are often our enemies because they do not know us.

When you lose an enemy you gain a friend.

If you are wise you will learn more of yourself from your enemies than from your friends.

You are bound to love your enemy, but you are not bound to put your finger in his mouth.

He makes a rope of sand to bind his enemy.

He that dallies with a cunning enemy puts his foot in a trap.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

He who can do you no good as a friend, can do you harm as an enemy.

If your enemy is a man make a friend of him, if he is a dog kick him and he will be your servant.

An enemy in front—an enemy in the rear,—go ahead.

Divide your enemies; unite your friends.

Among enemies sleep with your eyes open.

Your worst enemy wears your shoes.

Enjoyment. Moderate enjoyment is real enjoyment.

Joy to see others enjoy.

What you enjoy is yours and that is all.

Ennui. Ennui is the mother of many vices.

Enough. He will have enough to do who tries to please everybody.

Enough is enough; more is too much.

You have talked enough, now go at it.
Enough is often too much.

Enterprise. Plan with care; execute with vigor.
The highest mountain lessens as we climb.
Enterprise bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountain, and spans the continent.
Enterprise and energy know few failures.

Enthusiasm. How can he kindle others who himself is a dead cinder?
Enthusiasm has done wonders.
Enthusiasm without sense is a lunatic.

Envy. The envious are always inferior.
Envy will find faults where there are none.
Envy, like the moth, seeks the fairest fruit.
Envy is a witch that bewitches herself.
Envy is the thorn of little minds.
Who ever envied a man with a brawling wife, or a boil on his nose?

Equality. Hear mobs of idlers cry—"Equality!
Let all men share alike: divide, divide."
Pull down the toiler, lift the idler up?
Despoil the frugal, crown the negligent?
Offer rewards for idleness and crime?
And pay a premium for improvidence?—*Men*.

There is no equality,—no two men, or women, are just alike.
Equality? No two grains of sand are exactly alike.

Equity. Equity is measured by the mind of the judge; and the little judge takes technicality for equity.

Error. Wise men err, but fools persevere in error.
Error is temporal; Truth, eternal.

The errors of a wise man are more instructive than the blunders of a fool.

To detect error start with the truth.

Escape. "At the battle av the B'yne not a mon av me company escaped alive, except four thot wuz drowned in the river.—*Captain Blarney*.

Eternity—eternal. Eternity is represented in a moment of time.

Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see
 Either the dark beginning or the end,
 Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
 In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Measure eternity by the town clock!

Eternity will not give back the hours you squander.

Etarnity's tu long; thar ain't no stoppin'-place on the road.—*Bronco Bill*.

Eulogy. In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build a monument for himself.

Events. In the events of today behold the hand of yesterday.

Do right; be just; fear not—events will take care of themselves.

If you cannot control events, you can profit by them.

Keep your eye to windward; get on the right side of events.

Everybody. Don't try to please everybody; the Almighty couldn't do that.

Better be a kicking mule than everybody's ass.

Everything. Everything has its use and its abuse. Everything is a part of everything.

"Everything comes to him who waits." So?—
I know a lot of men who are waiting yet—in
the grave-yard.
He looks into everything and sees nothing.

Evidence. Before you decide hear both sides.
Compare statements with probabilities.
Men will color; men will distort; men will conceal; men will lie; look for the ear-marks of truth.
Truth is plain-spoken, falsehood, evasive and fulsome.
Strong circumstantial evidence rarely deceives the wary.

Evil. Commingled the good and the evil;
Sown together the wheat and the tares;
In the heart of the wheat is the weevil;
There is joy in the midst of our cares.

Wisdom will find good in evil.
An imagined evil is a real evil.
One evil deed opens the door for many.
Good and evil are born from the same womb and
rocked in the same cradle.

Evil-speaking. He who speaks evil will do evil.

Evolution. Evolution never goes backward.
We have "evolved" from an atom to an ape.

Exaggeration. Some men's jackrabbits are always antelopes.
Blowhard's badger is a bear.
Exaggeration weakens the tale.
The minnow he failed to land was the biggest bass in the lake.

Example. We echo what we hear and ape what we see.

When one goose gabbles the whole flock follows.

Excellence. Excellence is the reward of patient work.

Excuse. His excuse is lame; it needs crutches.

His excuse accuses him.—*From the French.*

Execution—execute. The best of plans may be spoiled in execution.

Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

“Jist in time,” said the sheriff, when the pardon arriv tew minits arfter the execution.—*Bronco Bill.*

Expediency. The lawful is not always expedient; the wrongful never.

Expense. The thriftless boor keeps three dogs and one pig.

Figure the expense and count your pence.

Experience. Fools call their folly experience.

We are often prophets to others and fools for ourselves.

Personal experience is the fool’s schoolmaster.

The wise are taught by reason, most men by experience, fools by nothing.

He got tew black eyes an’ a battered mug, but he gained experience.—*Bronco Bill.*

Extremes. Oppose extremes; don’t let the tail wag the dog.

Extremes beget extremes.

In all extremes there lies between.

The middle way—the “golden mean.”

Avoid extremes—especially the extreme end of a wasp.

Eye. The eye is the index of the soul: Love, hatred, anger, pity, sorrow, joy, pride, humility, truth, falsehood, courage, cowardice, are pictured there.

You can see the lie in his eye.

The tongue can keep a secret better than the eye.

You can see a coward in his eye.

Seek ye the fairest lily of the field,

The fairest lotus that in the lakelet lies,

The fairest rose that ever morn revealed,

And Love will find—from other eyes concealed,

A fairer flower in some fair woman's eyes.

—*Love Will Find.*

We are blind with our eyes wide open.

Remember that other people have eyes too.

F

Face. Keep your face to the front.

Face the devil and he will flunk.

Our faces, like mirrors, reflect ourselves.

Fact. One fact discovered is a lamp to light the way to others.

An ounce of fact is worth a ton of fiction.

We mold facts in our own molds.

A new fact is a new revelation.

Every fact fits in with all other facts.

Facts! facts! we are all looking for facts, but not with the same eyes.

Let your mind feed on facts.

His imagination furnishes his facts.

His fancy fabricates his facts.

Fail. He who is careless in small things will fail in great ones.

- Failure.** It is only the fool that never fails.
 He was born a failure.
 Remember your failures are your stepping-stones
 to success.
 If you fail don't flunk.
- Fair.** He plays fair and picks your pocket.
 He speaks too fair and I'll beware.
 The fairest flower is without fruit.
- Faith.** Faith is the foundation of society.
 Blind faith is strongest in the weakest.
 Blind faith is the religion of fools.
 Have faith in yourself.
 He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.
- Fall.** Fall and the world will laugh; rise and it will
 applaud.
 A wise man will never fall twice in the same
 ditch.
- False.** Although true, be cautious about stating
 that which appears to be false.
- Falsehood.** It is easier to detect falsehood than to
 find the truth.
 When falsehood baits her hook with bits of truth
 she catches gudgeons.
 Truth can afford to go naked; falsehood needs
 fine clothes.
 In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.
- Fame.** Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis
 said,
 Through which the living Homer begged for
 bread.—*Poetry.*
- Fame is a coy goddess that rarely bestows her
 favors on him who seek her—a phantom that
 many pursue and but few overtake.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—
Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?
Heap o'er their heads sweet praise or calumny;
Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?
—*Poetry.*

For fame men piled the Pyramids;
Their names have perished with their bones;
For fame men wrote their boasted deeds
On Babel bricks and Runic stones,

On Tyrian temples, gates of brass,
On Roman arch and Damask blades,
And perished like the desert grass
That springs to-day—to-morrow fades.—*Fame.*

Alas, alas, for all things pass, and we shall vanish
too, as they;
We build our monuments of brass and granite,
but they waste away.—*Minnetonka.*

Fame is as fickle as the babble of men.
He was famous—immortal for a day.
Fame is but the breath of the populace, and often
smells of garlic.
There is but a step between fame and infamy.
He wrote a book despising fame and put his full
name on the title page.
He went huntin' fer fame an' got intu jail.
—*Bronco Bill.*

He fit fer fame, an' thar ain't a echo uf his name.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Family. A family should be "*unica velut arx*"—one
like a citadel.
Don't pickle me in a family jar.
If there is ferment in the family jar add "sweet
oil" and clap on the cover.

Far-away. Faraway is the happy land,
 Where hares come leaping to your hand,
 And ducks drop ready roasted.
 Fine are the fields that are far away.
 It is only in a far-away land that lemons and
 sugar and ice grow on the same tree.
 When a fool goes far fer a wife he most allus
 gits another.—*Bronco Bill.*

Farce. When the farce is played out, let the cur-
 tain drop.

It is only one step from farce to tragedy.

Fashion. We dance to the music of the times.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
 And fickle fashion follows like an ape.
 When Nero's wife put on her auburn wig
 And at the Coliseum showed her head,
 The hair of every dame in Rome turned red;
 When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.

—*Poetry.*

If it were the fashion to go naked, most women
 would follow the fashion.

Fashion wears out more clothes than work.

Bread is cheap, fashion is dear.

Fashion and custom are the biggest items in our
 family expenses.

The latest fashion—a hay-cock hat filled with red
 hair.

Fate. Whet your knife on the threshold of fate.

Fight not against fate; it is better to bend than
 to break.

There is no armor against fate.

Between the cup and the lips stands fate.

Don't clutch the wheel-spokes of fate; try the
 rear end of an express train.

Father. A hard father, a hardy son.

He worked hard all his life to make his sons
sports and spendthrifts.

"My forefathers were noblemen," said the Eng-
lishman to Pat,

"An' ef yer methur hed bin a onisht 'oman yez
wudn't a-hed but wan av 'em," said Pat.

Fault. Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;
As in a picture shadows show the lights,
So human foibles show the human heart.

—*Poetry.*

Small faults are little thieves.

The faultless man was born tomorrow.

They that do nothing spend their time in finding
fault with others.

If we had no faults we wouldn't be hunting for
faults in others.

We remember the faults of others and forget our
own.

Men are prone to remember your faults and for-
get your virtues.

We can hide our faults from ourselves easier
than from others.

The man without faults is in the cemetery.

Favor. If you cannot grant a favor asked,—refuse
graciously and without delay.

A handsome woman finds favor among men, and
but little among her own sex.

Fear. Brave Red Cloud is only afraid of fear.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Fear turns the black sheep into a bear.

Fear multiplies the enemy ten-fold.

When fear enters wisdom departs.

Fear makes a wolf out of a jack-rabbit.

Conceal your fear under a bold front.

Fear is a bad counsellor.

Fear doubles the danger.

He wuzn't afeard uf nuthin', he cud run faster
nur ary Injun on the plains.—*Bronco Bill*.

Feast. He who comes after the feast must be content with the bones.

A frog's leg is a feast for a Frenchman.

Baked potatoes and salt make a feast for a hungry man.

Too late to the feast,—the dogs have the bones.

After the feast, bones—bones.

Ah, sweet content—the blessing of the blest—

Upon thy cheerful table—East or West—

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

Feather. He fans with a feather and imagines he has started a hurricane.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

She is all fads and feathers.

His cockloft is full of feathers.

Fetter. Even golden fetters become hateful.

He who forges fetters for others may wear them himself.

We all wear fetters—some of iron, some of gold.

Fickle. The wife that is fickle is soon in a pickle.

Fiddler. Every fiddler thinks his own fiddling the finest.

When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.

He fiddled—and fiddled—his fiddle-de-de.

Fight. A Frenchman fights before he reasons;

A Scotchman reasons before he fights;

An Irishman fights for the fun of it;

And an Englishman fights when he thinks he can
whip his enemy.

Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
An' hatin' each other for the love of God.

—*Charles Lever.*

It is better to fall fighting than to be shot in the
back.

Said Pat: "Oi'm niver so much at pace as whin
Oi'm in a foight."

The main thing in this world is to fight a good
fight.

Men are prone to fight; even wolves agree among
themselves.

"War yer in the battle of Bull Run, Pat?"

"Sure Oi wuz."

"An' whar waz yer, Pat?"

"Oi wuz behint at the Bul an' afore at the Run."

Figure-head. How often the head figure is a mere
figure-head.

Finite. In the finite find the infinite.

Fire. Fight fire with fire.

There is no fire in the flint till steel strikes it.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench
a fire with kerosene.

Under ashes fire.

Fire in the heart, smoke in the head.

Fire won't burn without fuel.

A little hot-head will sometimes kindle a big fire.

Look out for a fire in the rear.

He fired in the air, but the little dogs barked.

A little fool can start a big fire.

Fish. The fish the fisherman fails to land is the
biggest fish in the pond.

Fish with a silver hook.

Don't try to catch a trout with a chunk of pork
on a pot-hook.

The easiest fish to catch is a "sucker."

Keep your net set and you'll catch fish while you
sleep.

Don't fish whar thar ain't no fish.—*Bronco Bill*.

Flag. Every man for the flag and the flag for us
all.

Brave Captain Bragg war ez witty a wag

Ez iver smelt gun-powder under the flag.

—*Bronco Bill—War with Japan*.

"Oi'm flaggin' the enemy," said Pat, as he ran to
the rear with the colors.

Flattery—flatterer. We dislike those who flatter
us too much, and hate those who don't flatter
us at all.

A man who is too deaf to hear good counsel will
hear flattery a mile off.

The only flatterer I fear is myself.

Shrewd men flatter us to our friends, that it may
come to our ears.

Flatterers are the parasites of the powerful.

Flattery is fit pap for fools.

We can flatter no one so easily as ourselves.

The worst flatterer is he who flatters the masses.

Flattery will not hurt us if we don't flatter our-
selves.

When Nature changes her nature you may trust
a flatterer.

He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

Flea. "I not like ze fleas," said Yacob's "best girl"
on the sand at Long Beach. "Ich auch," said Ya-
cob, "ze bite not bodder me mooch, aber I not

can sleeb mit zat leedel tam valk—valk—valk—on
mein beins und belly all ze night."

"Uncle Isaac," of Los Angeles, went fishing at
Redondo on Sunday. He returned with only one
little smelt. "Ach, Ikey," said his wife, "du bin
hev cotch nur ein leedel fisch? You cotch no
more bites?" "Ach, Gott—yah," said Isaac, "I
cotch more als ein tousant fleabites." *

Flies. If you would catch flies sugar your sauce.
Flies can annoy a lion.

Flinch. Never flinch, however much you fear.
It's a "cinch,"—inch by inch—
Win your way and never flinch.

Flower. The flower must fade before the fruit ap-
pears.

The fairest flowers are rarely the sweetest.

Flock. When one duck flies the flock follows.
If you want to control the flock catch the bell-
wether.

Any feather-head can follow the flock.

Foe. We are sharpened by the files of our foes.
Fight a foe to make a friend of him.

Follow. Follow the bees and you will find the hive.
Follow the crows and you will find the carrion.
Men, like geese, follow the flock.

Folly. When we laugh at the follies of others let
us look at our own.

One man's folly is another man's fortune.—*Bacon.*

Food. Feed neither mind nor body continually on
the same food.

Flattery is fit food for fools.

It is better to discover a new food for man on
earth than a new star in the sky.

Feed a vain man on flattery—it's plum-puddin'
to him.

Fool. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the
bread.

For ages have the learned of the schools,
Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The fool acts first and asks advice afterwards.

A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a
knave.

Fools follow the opinion of others, wise men think
for themselves.

Only fools are born wise.

There is one crop that never fails—the crop of
fools.

A fool walks with his mouth open and his eyes
shut.

He who discovers that he is a fool has found the
right road to wisdom.

Some men talk like philosophers and live like
fools.

Even a wise man may sometimes make a fool of
himself.

When nature gave him a long tongue and a little
brain she meant him for a fool.

There is no cure for a fool.

The fool finds a stone wall in his way by bumping
his head against it.

God bless the damphools, Jim; they're road-signs
fer ether folks.—*Bronco Bill.*

Every fool has a goose that lays a golden egg to-
morrow.

A fool blames others for his faults; a wise man
blames himself.

The land of fools is the paradise of knaves.
He is a fool who gets two black eyes to blacken
one of his enemy.

The young fools call their elders the old fools.
A fool friend is often more dangerous than an
enemy.

Thar's no fool like a ole fool when a she fool
gits onter 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

Foolish. It is a foolish chicken that runs to the fox
for protection.

Forbearance. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
Forgive and be forgiven,
For Charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.

If he calls you a fool, forbear; if he calls you a
liar, hit 'im.

Forefathers. "Oi can't boasht av me forefathers,"
said Pat, "fer Oi dunno who the divil they wuz,
but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddie
an me hez twinty-wan av 'em."

Foremost. In politics the foremost is soon the
hindmost.
The hindmost in the fight is the foremost in the
retreat.

Fore-sight. File your fore-sight; your hind-sight
is good enough.

His fore-sight is blunt, but his hind-sight is fine.
If our fore-sight were as good as our hind-sight
we would seldom miss the mark.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight, and
a rare few circum-sight.

Yer cain't see half ez fur with yer foresight ez
yer kin with yer hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Fore-thought. Patch the roof before it rains.
 The fore-thought of a fool is always behind.
 A little fore-thought is better than a deal of hind-thought.

Forgetfulness—forget. His forgetery is better
 than his memory.
 To delay is to forget.

Forgiveness. Let there be no room in thy heart for
 the memory of a wrong.

Never does the human heart appear so strong
 and noble as when it foregoes revenge.

It is easier to forgive those who have injured us
 than those whom we have injured.

The offender seldom forgives.

Forgiveness is commendable, but some men need
 licking.

Forgive, but don't forget.

If you would be forgiven, forgive.

Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,

Forgive and be forgiven,

For Charity is the golden key

That opens the gate of Heaven.—*Charity.*

Fortitude. Fortify yourself with fortitude and For-
 tune will favor you.

Fortune. A fortune is often a misfortune.

When fortune blows, hoist your sails.

He is a shrewd man who knows how to make a
 fortune; a wise man who knows how to keep
 it; but he is wisest who knows how to enjoy it.

The way to court fortune is to meet her half-way.

Fortune rarely smiles on him who complains of
 her.

Friends and fortune fly together.

The way to gain the favor of fortune is to compel it.

When you are at the top of the hill all roads lead downward.

A small fortune is safer than a big one.

How often fortune plays the coquette—smiling at first and mocking afterwards.

Weave diligently and Fortune will furnish the thread.

When fortune knocks at the door be ready to let her in.

Fortune sells what she seems to give.

He is waiting for a fortune—with a hole in his hat and a patch on his pants.

Forward. A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or backward.

Forward!—Forward!—That is the word that wins the victory.

Don't be backward in coming forward in your own cause.

Fountain. If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.

He starts his fountain with a cork-screw.

Fox. The fox never gets caught twice in the same trap.

Under the bait the old fox smells the hidden trap.

Foxy. He was so foxy that he outwitted himself.

Freak. A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

Freedom. The word Freedom has covered a multitude of wrongs.

True Freedom is the right to do right.

French. "Do you understand French, Pat?"

"Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in O'irish."

Friction. Men of mettle are polished by friction.

Friend—friendship. A true friend divides our sorrows and doubles our joys.

A friend that frowns is better than a smiling enemy.

How many friends are like the swallows that make their nests under your roof in summer and in autumn fly away.

We never know the value of a true friend till we lose him.

I have one friend I can depend on—he is in my pocket.

Be your friend's friend, but not the friend of his faults.

He has a hundred friends of his fortune to one of himself.

A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

Fear your friends and face your enemies.

Friendship is a plant that needs watering.

Friendship can't stand on one leg.

True friendship is like pure wine; the older it grows the stronger it grows.

The man who has no need of friends will have many.

A fool friend is more dangerous than an open enemy.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

My friend is my brother of my own choosing.

A friend's face is a good mirror.

Between true friends, truth—nothing but truth.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity they will beware of you.

You will never find a friend without a fault.

The friend who tells you your faults is the friend to tie to.

Frog. Better be a big frog in a little puddle, than a little frog in a big puddle.

Froth. When the pot boils the froth comes to the top.

The mob is like lager beer—the froth on top.
All froth and no beer.

Frugality. He is the least in want who wants the least.

Save your pennies and your pennies will save you.

Fruit. The blossom withers when the fruit appears.

The fairest fruit may have a worm in it.

The best fruit ripens late.

Don't pluck the apple till it is ripe.

The fig-tree that fails to bear—root it out,—
plant potatoes.

Every family tree bears some bad fruit.

Fury. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Fury is fit for wild beasts, not for men.

Future. The future grows out of the present and the past.

An old man's future is in the past.

He that would judge the future must know the past.

It is well that the future is concealed.

Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The Future is written in the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself.

With his eyes on the future he stumbles through the present.

G

Gain. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to gain.

Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?

What have you gained if you strive and struggle all your life to gain a fortune for prodigals to squander?

Garment. Everyone assumes a garment of virtue, if it is only a fig-leaf.

Garden—gardener. God made the first garden and Cain built the first city.

Every man and woman ought to be a gardener.

We are all in God's garden; let us root out the weeds and plant potatoes.

General—generalship. Napoleon showed his greatest generalship in selecting his marshals.

A good general commands himself.

"What makes a good general?" asked Lincoln.

"Bull-dog," said General Grant.

Generation. A generation is like a swarm of gnats—born in June—dead in October.

Generous. He who gives to every beggar beggars himself.

Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.
He who gives publicly likes to see his name in
the newspapers.

Men who have wrung millions out of the people
generously give a fraction to universities and
libraries to write their names over the doors.

Be generous to your true friends and don't be
stingy with yourself.

Genius. Genius is patience, labor and good sense.
Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
In poet, painter, sculptor is the same:
What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
What comes from effort only is but tame.

—*Poetry.*

An eagle's egg may be hatched in a hen-coop.
A swan's egg may be hatched on a dung-hill.

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf
To finest silk: the lapidary's skill
Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,
And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.

—*Poetry.*

Genius is a bundle of nerves bent to hard work.
Poverty is the mother of genius.
He wuz a genus; he writ skim-milk poetry fer
the Atlantic Maggiezeen.—*Bronco Bill.*

Get. It is easier to get than to keep.
It is hard to get to the top: you can slide to the
bottom.

Geology. Geology traces the foot-prints of Time.
Geology teaches us how God built the Earth.

Giddy. A giddy girl makes a fool of her mother
at ten, at twenty she makes a fool of herself.

Gift—give—giver. Give and take, but don't "give in."

It is better to give than to take.

Don't insult the worthy giver by refusing the gift he can afford.

Giggle. Miss Giggles wuz allus a-gigglin': she'd giggle at a funeral.—*Bronco Bill.*

Girl. Hear the old mother talk! You would think she never was a girl herself.

Some women are always girls and die giggling.

Glitter. Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

Glove. If you handle nettles put on gloves.

Strike your friend gently with a gloved hand.

You can tell a sloven by the fit of her glove.

Gluttony. Where one dies of hunger a thousand die of gluttony.

A glutton ought to be a scavenger.

A glutton's guts are the principal part of him.

God. Know only this—there is a Power unknown, Master of life and builder of the worlds.

—*Beyond.*

All things in nature bear God's signature

So plainly writ that he who runs may read.—*Men.*

God's perfect order rules the Universe.

Hope and Trust.

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah, we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan;

All his ways are wise and just:

Hope and Trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Lo all-pervading Unity is His;
Lo all-pervading Unity is He;
One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,
In every star through heaven's immensity;
And God in all things breathes, in all things is.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Measure for measure, measure God by man?
God gives us nothing but life, all else he sells
to us at a fair price.
Thou art the god of thine idolatry.
The fool fashions God after himself.
The years of God are one.
Time hath not touched the great All-father's
Throne.

Gold—golden. The golden age is the age of gold.
Fish with a golden hook.
Men seek for silver in the distant hills
While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Confucius preached the "Golden Rule" 500 years
before Jesus was born.
This is surely the "Golden Age"—we worship the
"Golden Calf."

It takes a gold-mine to operate an iron-mine.

Gone. Gone is gone and you needn't chase it.

Good. There is good in all things for him who
knows how to find it.

If good is within good will come out.
There is good in all things and evil in all things.
Good is good, but the best is better.
Good and evil are born from the same womb and
rocked in the same cradle.

He is one of them goody-goody good-fer-nothings.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Good Times. All times are good times if you know
what to do and how to do it.

He never ventured: he was always waiting for
"Good Times."

A blacksmith can make "good times" with his
hammer on his anvil.

Good-breeding. Good seed—good breed.

Wisdom and virtue are gems—good-breeding the
setting.

That thorough-bred was born in Berkshire.

Good Humor. Good humor is better than a dress
suit.

Goose. Hear the fox preach to the geese.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape.

When the coyote yelps corral your geese.

Gospel. The gospel of God is written in every
blade of grass.

Gossip. Gossip and Liar are twins.

Hear-say is her-say.

One tongue is enough for gossip, but she wags it
in all tongues.

She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her
chops with scandal.

Govern—government. A wise government should
lead the people, not follow them.

We are all stock-holders in the government—
watch the directors.

Government by the mob is anarchy.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

To govern well one should first learn to obey.

Grain. The earth is but a grain of sand,

An atom in a shoreless sea.—*Fame*.

A grist of words and a grain of sense.

Don't rub a man against the grain.

Grandfather. He is but an echo of an echo; his grandfather was a man.

His grandfather's name was Gorilla.

We know more than our grandfathers and our grand-children will know more than we.

Grapes. The best grapes hang highest.

If you can't reach the grapes don't cry *sour*; try a step-ladder.

Sweet grapes make sour wine.

Gratitude. The gratitude of the selfish is only a bid for further favors.

If you do a "hog" a favor he will only grunt his gratitude.

Gravity. Gravity may be the robe of wisdom or the cloak of a dunce.

Don't imagine that you are the center of gravity.

Great—greatness. The great are great only because we are little.

Better be great among the little than little among the great.

It is better to be great in little things than little in great things.

He is greatest who has done most for his fellow men.

The beginnings of great things are little things.

Greek. Priests, versed in dead rituals, in dead language deep,

Talk Greek to the *grex* and Latin to their sheep,

And feed their flocks a flood of cant and college

For every drop of sense or useful knowledge.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

He talked Greek and Latin in Holland Dutch.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Grief. Pent up grief breaks the bones.

Great grief cures little briefs.

Grief was petrified in her face.

She wears weeds for her dead husband and
grieves for another.

Grumble. He's got that itch called "the grumbles."
—*Bronco Bill.*

Grumblin' don't put no sugar in the coffee when
thar ain't none.—*Bronco Bill.*

Guilt—guilty. Guilt fears its own shadow.

"How say you, guilty or not guilty," said the
judge to Pat, who was indicted for larceny.

"Bless yer sowl, how the divil can Oi tell till
Oi hear the ividence?" said Pat.

To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.

—*After Lord Coke.*

The guiltiest often looks the most innocent.

H

Habit. Habit is as powerful as a pair of mules.

All men are slaves, yea, some are slaves to wine,
And some to women, some to shining gold,
But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The best way to cure a bad habit is never to ac-
quire it.

Bad habits are at first cobwebs, at last, fetters.

Hair. He whose sinewy arms

Might break through bars of steel like bands of
straw,
Caught in the net of her unloosened hair,
A helpless prisoner lies and loves his chains.

—*Change.*

Ah, the best of men are tangled—
Sometimes tangled in the tresses
Of a fair and crafty woman.—*The Sea Gull.*

They war ten fut tall, an' over all
A bar-skin tu the thighs, sir;
Ther legs war bar axcept the har
Frum ther toe-nails ter ther eyes, sir.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings.)*

Half. A half truth is a whole lie.

Don't be half and half in anything.

Hammer. Men of mettle are made between the
hammer and the anvil.

Hand-saw—buck-saw. He lathers you with a
scrub-broom and shaves you with a hand-saw.
He's a buck-saw carpenter.

Handsome. Most women would rather be hand-
some than good.

A handsome woman is a pit-fall for herself.

Happiness—happy. Happy is he who thinks him-
self happy.

Had man the blessed wisdom of content
Happy were he, as wise Horatius sung,
To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.

—*Men.*

You cannot weigh happiness with scales or meas-
ure it with a yard-stick.

Fools travel in search of happiness; a wise man
finds it at home.

Happiness depends more on health than wealth.
Count yourself happy if God gives you health and work.

Hard. It is hard sledding where there is no snow.
A hard father, a hardy son.
It is hard to break an old horse.

Hardship. Power is developed by hardship.
What our forefathers considered comfort we would call hardship.

Harp. —The sweetest harp of heaven
Were hateful if it played the selfsame tune
Forever.—*Change.*

The only harp he plays on is a Jew's harp.
He is always harping on one string.

Harvest. "What will the harvest be?"—What was the seed, the soil and the cultivation?

Haste—hasty. Be always in haste, but never in a hurry.

Hurry and worry, fluster and flurry.
Who judges others hastily, condemns himself.

Hat. A silk hat;—a fine cover for a cracked pot.

Hats are made to make bald heads.

The price uf thet woman's ombrella hat wud buy'er ten suits uf clean under-war.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hatch. It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.

He is always brooding, but never hatches a "chick."

Hate—hatred. Hatred is a hard burden for him who carries it.

His face is petrified Hate.

I hate a woman in pants and a man in petticoats.

Hay. Make hay while the sun shines and when it rains get under the rick.

Head. Let head and heart go hand in hand,
Nor one behind the other;
Then where the head may find a man
The heart will find a brother.

Carry a level head and a close mouth or you will spill yourself.

His head will never fill his pocket.

There can be but one head to a happy family.

It is better to have a good head for a hat, than a fine hat for the head.

His head is too big for his pocket.

God gave you one head to handle two hands.

"Two heads are better than one"—unless they are loggerheads.

It is better to be the head of the Commons than the tail of the Lords.

The head is rare that conquers the heart.

A woman's head is in her heart.

You can't get to the head without a head.

Health. Good health is better than a gold mine.

It is only the sick that know the value of health.

Health is happiness.

He is a fool who would sacrifice health for wealth.

He travels for health: he could find it in his own field.

Hear. Hear both sides and say nothing.

Who talks much hears little.

Hearsay. Hearsay is mostly her-say.

Hearsay is a peddler of lies.

Hear-say may become common report and condemn the innocent.

Heart. What cometh from the heart goes to the heart.

The well-spring of our best thoughts is in the heart.

Nor reason rules the head, but aye the heart:
The head is weak, the throbbing heart is strong;
But when the heart is right the head is not far wrong.—*The Reign of Reason.*

The heart speaks all tongues:
Everybody understands the language of the heart.
Human hearts beat in pairs.

The heart of a woman will out-reason the head of a philosopher.

A willing heart finds time.

Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.

Heed. Take heed of a silent man lest you stir up a lion.

Take heed or you'll come to need.

Heir. Man is the heir of his own deeds.

The prodigal heir of a millionaire.

Hell. Harrow hell and rake up devils.

There is Hell enough on earth, what need of a Hell hereafter?

Help. A man is his own best helper.

Help is a hindrance to him who does not try to help himself.

You can't help a man who will not help himself.

Hen. It is a sorry roost where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Hero—heroism. Fortune and fortitude make heroes.

As wheat is winnowed out in the wind, so are heroes winnowed out in war.

A moral hero is the greatest of all heroes.

Don't mistake a boaster for a hero.

Heroes are ever modest.

Men who were moral cowards have been writ into heroes in history.

History (his-story) has made heroes out of braggarts.

It took a brass-band and a paid staff of press-reporters to make a hero at the battle of San Juan.

A mere brute can never be a hero.

A real hero doesn't need a megaphone or a staff of press-reporters.

He shot a dead lion in Africa and came home a hero.

The true hero has a kind heart.

Highway. He left the highway for a by-way and fell into a fen.

He is on the highway to fortune.

He is on the highway to ruin.

Himself. He who serves himself has a good servant and a kind master.

He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

The man who is tired of himself seeks worse company.

However rich, he who lives for himself alone is poor indeed.

A man can bridle a wild bronco easier than he can bridle himself.

He knows much who knows himself.

In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build a monument for himself.

He is near-sighted; he can see nobody but himself.

History. History should be spelled H-i-s-s-t-o-r-y.

All history is the register, we find,
Of the crimes and lusts and miseries of mankind.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Most history is a mixed mess of fact and fiction.

Hit. How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

—*Men.*

Hobby—hobby-horse. Every man has his hobby if
it's only a goat.

No use trying to put a halter on a hobby-horse.

Get thee a hobby-horse, be it only a he-goat.

Fast horses are expensive but hobby-horses cost
more.

Astraddle his hobby he rides like a Don.

He rides a hobby-horse and thinks it a Pegasus.

When he was a little boy he rode a hobby-horse;
he still rides a hobby.

Holiday. There is no holiday in the calendar of
Nature—every day is a work-day.

Holiday was at first a Holy-day. It is now a
jolly-day.

Home. A home is home if it is only a hut.

“Home, sweet home”—is the song of the bees.

Homer. But for Homer we would have no Hector,
no Achilles.

Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,

Through which the living Homer begged for
bread.

Honesty. No honest man has need of a rogue.

It is hard to be hungry and honest.

Diogenes went with a lantern in search of an
honest man. If he had been honest himself he
needn't have gone beyond his tub.

None so much resembles an honest man as a shrewd rascal.

He demands double pay for being honest.

Honey. Honey on the tongue—money in the purse.

Honey is easily turned into vinegar.

Flattery is honey-tongued.

Honor. Honors may do for small change but they won't pay the grocer.

The path to honor is up-hill.

Great honors are great burdens, but most men think their shoulders broad enough to bear them.

Deserve honor and you will honor yourself.

Guard your honor as you guard your life.

Honor cannot long outlive honesty.

Hope. Lose hope, lose all.

Hope: don't mope.

The star of hope lights the shadow of death.

For aye since the morning of man—

Since the human rose up from the brute

Hath Hope, like a beacon of light,

Like a star in the rift of the storm,

Been writ by the finger of God

On the longing hearts of men.—*Lines, etc.*

Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Hope is eggs on toast for breakfast, meat for dinner and bones for supper.

Pity the man who has outlived his hopes.

Hornet—hornets'-nest. Attack a hornets' nest with fire.

Poke a hornets'-nest with another man's nose.

As well poke your nose into a hornets'-nest as mix in a war among women.

Horse. Don't buy a raw-boned horse; you might as well try to fatten a fanning-mill by running oats through it.

A he-goat is better than no horse.

Allus trade a ole hoss fer a young hoss an' git suthin tu boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

House. A house should be built for yourself—not for the eyes of others.

Two small rooms and lots of love make a palace for a pair.

Human—humanity. If you would learn human nature study all manner of men.

We—all of us—are human, except the other brutes.

Humanity embraces a few wise men, many good men, and a lot of brutes.

He is hardly human who has merely shed his gorilla teeth and his monkey tail.

Hunger. Hunger will make a watch-dog a thief.

Hungry. A hungry man dreams of a feast.

Hungry for hope, they gulp a moldy creed
And dine on faith.—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Hungry men are always radicals.

Hungry for the sapless husks of fame.

Hunt. Plenty of hunting, but no game.

Don't hunt for trouble—you'll find enough without.

He is always hunting for a "soft job" while his wife and children are hunting for bread.

Hurry. Hurry and worry cost much and accomplish little.

In a hurry, in a flurry.

Hurry and worry—in any weather—go together.

Husband. Where the husband is fire and the wife
is tow,

A wee little match and a wee little scratch
Will start a hot fire and a deil of a row.

The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.
Honor the woman who mends her husband's
stockings and sews on his shirt buttons.
It's a poor coop where the cock cackles and the
hen crows.

Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is the mother of knaves.
The hypocrite steals with one hand and gives
alms in public with the other.
A hypocrite prays in public that he may prey
upon his fellow men.
He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,
And preys on the people the rest of the week.

I

I can't. "I can't" never can.

Ice. Cold as ice, cruel as a tigress.

Ideals. Dreamed—O my soul and was it all a
dream?

We chase the ideal and miss the real.

How often the ideal has become the real.

The ideal precedes the real.

The "ideal" led Columbus to the discovery of
America.

If. Drop your "ifs" and your "buts" and butt
into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled
over an "if."

He butts you with his "buts" and trips you with his "ifs."

Idle—idleness. 'Tis worse than idle to regret.

Idleness is full of envy.

The indolent man waits for something to turn up;
the diligent man turns it up himself.

Idol—idolatry. In this age men no longer kneel before images of brass or stone, but they still have an idol—"the Almighty Dollar."

Thou art the god of thine idolatry.

Idolatry began in the garden of Eden and will end only with the end of man.

His idol is idleness.

Ignorance. Ignorance and superstition are twin sisters.

There is no stubbornness like ignorance.

The ignorant carry burdens for the wise.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other name is Ignorance.

To be ignorant of your ignorance is the worst ignorance.

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And stubborn Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and Fear go hand in hand.

Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Ignis Fatuus. Don't chase an ignis fatuus—hoe your potatoes.

Imagine. We easily imagine what we earnestly desire.

He imagined he had a gold mine, but found it only a hole in the ground.

Imitation. The monkey imitates man and man imitates the monkey.

Imitation is as good as gold till some "hard-head" rings it on the counter.

Immodesty. Immodesty is become fashionable.

What is modesty?—it is one thing among the Hottentots and quite another among white women.

Immortality. And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light, on angel wings to range
And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?
Alas, the more we know the less we know we
know.—*The Reign of Reason.*

What is the soul and whither will it fly?
We only know that matter cannot die,
But lives and lived through all eternity,
And ever turns from hoary age to youth:
And is the soul not worthier than the dust?
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Impatience. A little impatience pricked into some men with a hair-pin might be good medicine.
I like to see a man a little impatient; he "means business."

Imperfection. Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;

As in a picture shadows show the lights,
So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Impossible—impossibility. Everything is impossible to him who is afflicted with the *Can't's*.

"Impossible?" said Napoleon, "that word is not in my dictionary." He found it at Waterloo.

Improvvidence. Go to poverty and improvvidence for dogs and children.

Waste, idleness and improvvidence are the banes of the poor.

Impulse—impulsive. Do it on the impulse of a week.

Impulsive people make most mistakes.

A man or woman without a generous impulse is a relic of the "Ice Age."

Income. See that your out-go is less than your income.

He lived on his out-come.

Inconsistency. Our opponents set our inconsistency before us as a stumbling block.

It is better to be inconsistent than to be wrong.

The man who is never inconsistent is not made of bones, blood and brains,—he is hewn out of granite, and stands a dumb monument.

Inconstancy. Constantly inconstant and fickle as a fly.

Incredulity. Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.

"It's true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't believe it."

Indigestion. Better have little food for your stomach than little stomach for your food.

That little judge with squint eyes has a wonderful digestion; he has digested all the digests; no wonder he squirms on the bench.

Individuality. As an individual, you are an individual; but you're only a little polliwog in the big frog-pond.

Indolence. Indolence is the dry-rot of body and mind.

Indolence hatches a brood of evils.

Indolence grows on people. The more one does the more he can do.

Indolence is a dog's life.

Industry. Industry is the alchemy that turns all things into gold.

The slave, the idler, are alike unblessed.

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use; In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,

And every rhymster thinks the saying true:

Better unborn than wanting labor's aid;

Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made

Between the hammer and the anvil.—*Poetry.*

Infinite. We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

In the finite find the infinite.

Ingratitude. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that no man will acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Inherit—inheritance. Leave your son education, honesty and industry: they are the best inheritance.

We inherit “way back” to the monkey, the crocodile and the devil-fish.

He inherits his follies from himself.

Injury. He who does you an injury will never forgive you for it.

If you have done an injury, go like a man, acknowledge and repair it.

An injury to the state is an injury to every citizen.

Injustice. He that defends injustice commits it.

Innuendo. Innuendo is the argument of a coward.

Inquiry. If you would know your faults inquire of your enemies.

Insanity. The marrow-maddening canker-worm of love

Feeds on the brains of wise men as on fools.

—*Men.*

He is insane? of course he is; everybody is insane.

There are different degrees of insanity—from Plato and Cato down to the driveling idiots that write “spring poetry” for the magazines.

Insignificant. Even the low hum of the little mosquito is significant.

In his own conscious insignificance he trusts.

Insight. Insight is the sixth sense; all the other senses contribute to it.

Instinct. Instinct is inherited reason.

Behold the brutes' unerring instinct guides
True as the pole star, while man's reason leads
How oft to quicksands and the hidden reefs.

—*Men.*

Intention. They say Hell is paved with good intentions; that kind of pavement would wear out in a week on Wall Street.

Interest. Most men carry their hearts in their pockets.

Little Hebrew—"Vater, dies book say dot the monish don't bring de happiness."

Father—"Dot ish drue, mein sohn; it ish not de monish vat bring de happiness, it ish de *interest* on de monish vat bring de happiness."

Intolerable. Intolerable—a talkative man who has nothing to say.

Irish. Yer kin tame most Irishmen ef yer ketch 'em early an' put a halter on 'em.—*Bronco Bill.*

With big bar-traps and Danemark dogs

They ketched wild Irish in ther bogs.

They skinned an' tuck ther hairy pelts

Fer bench-rugs in ther Æger-Sal:

They biled the hams with cod an' clams,

An' held Gut-fest with song an' brawl.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings).*

J

Jackass. The bray of a jackass is music to the whole herd of asses.

If he won't kick when he's kicked, he is only a donkey.

Jest. Jest is jests, but wasps are wasps.
That jest is a good one, it has stood the test of time.

Jim Hill. "Jim Hill is a robber!" said the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands, you are doing your 'level best' to pull down the bakery," replied Hill.

Job. In the cities men are hunting for jobs; in the country the fields are crying for men.

He is hunting for a "soft job" while his wife is hunting for bread.

"Be ye wantin' a job?" said the section boss to a tramp. "Ef it be an aisy wan," said the hobo. "Gwon; ye'll find it in the jail," said the boss.

Joke. He that laughs at his own joke makes stale beer of it.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

Joy. No joy without annoy: no gold without alloy.

Judge. You can't judge the inside by the outside.
If you would justly judge the conduct of another, get into his shoes.

A just judge will have two ears open; a narrow judge, but one.

He is a little judge—just big enough to wiggle on the bench.

Thar's a little squint-eyed jedge in Los Angeles who kin see a knot-hole whar thar ain't none, an' crawl thro it himself.—*Bronco Bill*.

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman.

Judgment. Wit and good judgment make a strong man.

Jury. The aim of our laws and the practice of our courts is to get twelve "damphools" into a jury-box.

Instead of hanging the felon they "hung" the jury.
A few drops of salt water from a woman's eyes often win the verdict of a jury.

Just. O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall,
Like rain upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline.*

Justice. Justice is blind in one eye and cross-eyed in the other.

Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and old,
But in her scales can hear the clink of gold.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss.—*Men.*

If you ask justice do justice.

Justice is the noblest virtue of all.

Justice is true mercy: who spares the guilty, punishes the innocent.

Who judges others hastily condemns himself.

Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and cold!

Oft with her poise shrewd villains play their tricks;
They sometimes touch her sacred scales with gold,
Or soil her sandaled feet in politics.

K

Kick. If you kick all the stones in your path you will have sore toes.

Kill. To kill time is to kill yourself.

In war both sides kill men for God's sake.

It is easier to kill than to cure.

He cured the disease: he killed the patient.

Kindness. Goats' milk is good for invalids, but the
milk of human kindness is good for everybody.
Kill your enemies with kindness.
Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.
The cruelty of Nature is kindness.

Kindle. The heart is kindled by the lips of love.
One little boy with a fire-cracker can kindle a fire
that the whole "Department" can't put out.

Kingdom. An acre of earth is worth more than a
kingdom in the clouds.

Kinsman—kin. The rich man has many cousins.
You are nearest kin to yourself.
We are akin to all mankind and second cousins
to the apes.

Kitchen. The nation lives on the kitchen.
The kitchen is the most important room in the
house.
The kitchen costs less than the parlor.
A fat kitchen makes a pleasant home.
Don't scrimp the kitchen to put pictures in the
front hall.
A slut in the kitchen, a sloven everywhere.

Knave. Where fools are scarce knaves go hungry.
He can tell a knave by his looks—when he looks
in a mirror.
The biggest knaves often wear angel faces.

Know. The more we learn the less we know we
know.
What you know is a drop; what you don't know
is an ocean.
What man knows is but a grain of sand in the
whole universe.
It is easier to know what should be done than
how to do it.

He knows everybody but himself.
The man who knows the least talks the most.
'Taint no use tu send a brayin' ass
Tu eny college-school,
Fer the less he knows the more he knows,
Like eny ether fool.—*Bronco Bill*.

Knowledge. Great knowledge is great doubt.
To acquire knowledge and not use it, is to gather
seed and never sow.
Boil your knowledge down into practical com-
mon sense.
We can at most know but little; let us know that
little well.
If he knew more he would know less.
Knowledge begins with doubt.
He who knows but little is a long time telling it.
Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.
Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in
broad daylight.
If you would know how much any man knows,
find out what use he makes of it.
Knowledge sometimes comes too early—often too
late.
There are plenty of stumbling blocks in the path
of knowledge.
I niver went tu college, but I know the hoof-end
uf a mool's hind leg.—*Bronco Bill*.

L

Labor. The slave, the idler are alike unblessed;
Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry*.
The cheapest labor is the dearest.
Labor is light when your heart is in it.

The fruit of labor is sweeter than a stolen peach.
A sacred right of man is the right to work.

Lady. She only is a lady who is kind to everybody.

It don't take silks and satins to make a lady.
Nature makes ladies, fashion makes fools.

Lamb. "Mary hed a little lamb." He's a ole sheep now. He wuz bornd in a goose-pastur in "Hold Hingland" a hunderd years ago.—*Bronco Bill.*

Lame. Walk with the lame and you will learn to limp.

His excuse is lame; it needs crutches.

His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Land. He who owns an acre of land owns to the center of the earth and up to heaven.

Don't divide your lands till you fold your hands.
Your land will not plow and plant itself and harvest the crop.

I have not yet found the land where lemons and sugar and ice grow on the same tree.

Language. He can speak ten languages, but he can't talk common-sense in one.

He can smatter in ten tongues,—dictionaries are cheap.

Lark. A leg of a lark is better than the breast of a buzzard.

Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark,
And trills his welcome to the rising sun,
And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

Last—laster. "I have pegged my last," sighed the dying cobbler.

He spoiled at last a skillful laster,
To make a durn poor poetaster.

Late. "Better late than never," said the priest
when the pardon arrived just after the execution.

Laugh—laughter. If you laugh at others, others
will laugh at you.

He laughs with one eye and winks with the other.

Loud laughter fits the mouth of a fool.

She is so full of laughter that she giggles at a funeral.

He who is laughed at by fools is praised by the wise.

Laughter is catching.

When you tell a joke laugh, and they will all
laugh—at you.

Law. The laws of man must not conflict with the
laws of Nature.

Laws grind the poor and rich men grind the
laws. (From Goldsmith's line: "Laws grind
the poor and rich men rule the laws.")

The more laws the more law-breakers.

The more laws the more lawyers; the more lawyers,
the less justice.

What power hath the law without public opinion
behind it?

The multitudinous meshes of the laws strangle
our liberties.

We suffer alike from too much law and too much
liberty.

Law-suit. Success in a law-suit requires a big
purse, a sharp lawyer, good witnesses and
twelve of your friends on the jury.

A bottle of beer is cheaper than a law-suit.

Never buy a law-suit; better buy a suit of clothes.

Lawyer. The more lawyers the less justice.

The more lawyers the less murderers, and the more juries, are hung.

He warms up with Coke and mouths his Bacon. Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor; and the less you buy of them the better.

If you want to get into trouble consult a lawyer. Bill Green bet ten dollars thet tew an' tew make four. Lawyer Quirks tuck the bet, an' won the money.—*Bronco Bill.*

Laziness—lazy. Laziness is a disease that requires a prod to cure it.

A lazy man is rarely lazy at the dinner table.

A lazy man likes to fish.

A lazy man keeps three dogs and one pig.

A lazy man's wife milks the cow and feeds the pig.

Most lazy men have the "rumytics."

A lazy farmer is the last to plow his field and sow his seed.

A lazy man is always waiting for something to turn up; the industrious man turns it up himself.

The lazy man sits on a log and waits for the rabbit to come to him.

A lazy man waits for a ride in another man's wagon.

Lead—leader. If you would be a leader take the lead.

A flock of geese always has a leader.

The gander leads the geese.

A good soldier will follow his leader.

When we think we lead we are only following.

In harvest let the farmer lead his harvesters and his grain will be garnered.

When the fox leads the geese there will be plenty of quacking.

The captain: "Boys, you are going into hell; remember your country and follow the flag."

"Plaze take the lead yerself," said private Pat, "an' we'll folly ye te the gate, sor."

Learn. Never too late to learn; never too old to get burnt.

Live to learn and learn to live.

Learn to study and study to learn.

A wise man keeps on learning all his life.

Learning. Learn alike from the follies of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise.

Learning, like gold coin, passes current in all countries.

Fill the basement with common sense, and the upper floors with learning.

Liberality. Don't be liberal with other people's money.

Be liberal, but don't forget to be liberal with yourself.

Liberty. Liberty and Justice are Siamese twins; when one dies the other dies.

The true pedestal of liberty is justice.

When liberty slashes the scales of justice she is fit for a mad-house.

The worst tyranny is Liberty run mad.

Liberty is the right to do right.

Give the ignorant liberty and watch the cat-fight.

Liberty is no boon to the ignorant.

Lie—liars. The liar is always a coward and the coward is always a liar.

Liars begin by deceiving others, and end in deceiving themselves.

Out of the womb of one lie are hatched a whole litter.

He patches his lies with bits of truth.

Never tell a lie, but do not always tell the truth.

The most dangerous lie is a half-truth.

A lie is a lie, no matter who utters it.

A lie can not stand long on one leg.

He that spins yarns like a spider will get caught in his own meshes.

It is hard enough to maintain the truth, but harder to maintain a lie.

"Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies."—*Carlyle*. And still man is the only liar.

A lie runs fast, but truth overtakes it at last.

"They say" is a liar.

O timid Truth, that quails before the fire,

Thy face assumes the likeness of a liar.

One truth will fit in with any other truth; no lie will fit another lie.

Never turn your back on the truth and always face a lie.

Life. Life is the mystery of mysteries.

He that learns most lives longest.

Is life worth living? That depends on the liver.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

All life grows out of death.

Life is a work-day; at sunset, rest.

We can all see how we ought to have lived in the past, and how we should live in the future, but few see how to live now.

We have life from the womb to the grave, yet we know not what or whence it is.

Most men live behind a curtain.

Life is about what we make it.
Life is made up of trifles—take heed of the trifles.
Life is a lesson in hind-sight.
Life is tragedy and comedy mixed.

Light. Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,
And lo the reign of reason is begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Earth wheeled her million circuits round the sun,
While man from bestial dens and savagedom
Slowly uprose and groping into light,
Stood face to face with Fate.—*Columbus.*

Excessive light is total darkness.

Great light makes great shadows.

We stand in the shadow of a great light.

Light and darkness are all one to a blind man.

It is idle to hold a light for a blind man.

Lightning. The thunder threatens, but the lightning strikes.

Lincoln. From the fetters of the slave he forged
the weapons of the free.

When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus.*

The hand was the hand of Lincoln, but the will
was the will of God.

Link. A broken link, a broken chain.

We are but links in an endless chain.

Through us the infinite past is linked to the infinite future.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain
of servitude.

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Lion. A lion in war, a lamb in peace.

A lion at a distance is often a pussy-cat when
you meet him.

A lion never wears the ears of an ass.

Literature. What stacks of chaff to every ounce of wheat the literary machines of the day thresh out.

Most modern literature is plagiarism.

Little—little things. Don't be little in great things, nor great in little things.

It is not profitable to run afar after big things and neglect the little things that lie all around you.

Too much is as bad as too little.

The beginnings of all great things are little things.

Load. A man never knows his strength till he has carried a load.

No man walks steadily unless he carries a load.

Log-cabin. A log-cabin is a palace if inhabited by happiness.

Lincoln went through college in a log-cabin.

The American nation was born in a log-cabin.

Lone. Never so much alone as when alone in a great city.

I have the best company when alone with good books.

Loquacity. They talk most who have the least to say.

Lord. What devilish crimes have been committed in the name of the Lord.

He lords it like an ass in uniform.

He lords it with a brass band and a big stick.

He lords it like an ass in an arm-chair.

He lords it like a grizzly bear among a drove of donkies.

He's the monarch of all he surveys;

His right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the seas
He's the lord and the fowl and the brute.
—*Parody.*

Lose. Better lose a leg than your life.

Loss. A loss is often a gain.

A great loss is sometimes a great gain.
Ef yer hain't got nuthin' ye cain't lose much.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Lost. Where you lost it is the place to find it.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for
a lost penny.

Lot. Be content with your lot—especially if it's a
corner lot.

Lottery. In the lottery of life the best draw for a
poor devil is his last.

If you have a hankerin' to play the lottery the
best prize you can draw is a blank.

Love. The sweeter the moments the swifter they
fly;

Love takes no account of the fleeting hours;
He walks in a dream 'mid the blooming of flow-
ers,

And never awakes till the blossoms die.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Baked potatoes and salt are a feast when love sits
at the table.

Love and fear rule the world.

Love makes fools of the wise.

Love is both credulous and jealous.

Love covers many faults.

Love forgives many sins.

—*First Ep. Peter (R. V.), 4-8.*

Calf love soon becomes sour milk.
 Love, like the measles, is "ketchin."
 Love at first sight? Yer better look twice.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Love-sick. For love-sickness time and another
 "dear" are the best medicine.

Lubricate. Lubricate! lubricate! oil prevents friction.

Luck. Luck comes to him who works for it.

Pluck is better than luck.

Luck follows pluck.

"Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will
 come up with a fish in his mouth," says the
 Arabian proverb. They tried it recently and
 the poor fellow went down in the jaws of a
 crocodile.

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer ful uf skill,
 Hard work, an' pluck, an' luck, Jim:
 I niver knowd yer duin' ill,
 Er quackin' like a duck, Jim.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow Boy Ballads.*

In hard luck hold out, in good luck hold in.
 One hour of good luck is better than a week's
 work.

Lust. Lust ends in disgust.

Luxury. Luxury breeds lechery.

Luxury and the arts flourish together.

Luxury!—Luxury!—What is luxury?

Baked potatoes and salt to a hungry man, a raw
 fish to a starving Indian.

Luxury breeds cowards.

Republics breed thieves, luxury and poverty, and
 end in anarchy.

M

Mad—madness. All men were mad but Burton
and he died of “Melancholy.”

Wisdom and madness are near akin.

There is only an imaginary line between a great
literary genius and a lunatic.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

Magnanimity—magnanimous. Be magnanimous to
your friends and—your self.

Magnanimity is wasted on a jackass.

He wuz a magnannemus “cuss”; a ole mool kicked
’im in the stumick an’ he went down on his knees
—an’ prayed fer the mool.—*Bronco Bill*.

Main chance. The main chance is the best chance.

Majority. The wise are seldom in the majority.

Where *Grex* is *Rex*, God help the hapless land.

—*Men*.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;

Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado’s roar.

As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas,

Like gnats they swarm, like flies they buzz and
breed.—*Men*.

Hurra!—Hurra!—Hurra!—for “Liberty”!

Flaunt the red flag and flutter the petticoat;

Ran-tan the drums and let the bugles bray,

The eagle scream, and ninety million throats

Yell Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle-doo.—*Men*.

The rule of the majority is often rank tyranny.

In the United States the majority is authority.
The minority has no rights which the majority
feels bound to respect.

Malice. Malice strikes with venom'd fang.
He is a little man that harbors malice.

Man. Man is a creature of a thousand whims;
The slave of hope and fear and circumstance;
Through toil and martyrdom a million years
Struggling and groping upward from the brute,
And ever dragging still the brutish chains.
Princes and parasites comprise mankind.—*Men.*

Where one man is born to lead ten thousand are
born to follow.

What is a mountain to one man, is a mole-hill
to another.

He who berates mankind should remember that
he is one of them.

A man must be something to do something.

"Gentlemen," cried a stump speaker, "is not one
man as good as another?"

"Av coorse 'e is," shouted an excited Irishman,
"an' a dom sight betther."

In all nature man's worst enemy is man.

Man is midway between an angel and a brute.

Man concentrates in himself the whole animal
kingdom—from jelly-fish to jackass.

Man cannot dispense with woman; he couldn't
be born without her.

Man is a miracle. He had not a hatchet to be-
gin with—Behold what he has made!

Man considers himself the cause and aim of Creation; so does the mosquito.

A man is either good or good for nothing.

They say a mule can't change his mind—mulemen are numerous.

Man is at bottom a brute.

“Ransack creation—in and out—

Through all its crooks and crannies,

You'll never find another brute

As big a brute as man is.”—*Henry C. Waite.*

Man is as free as a chained dog.

Every man is good for something, if only to laugh at.

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has written.

Management Management is the main thing.

Good management achieves success.

Manhood. There is a spark of manhood in the meanest man.

Manners. Nothing pays better than good manners.

Fortune waits on good manners.

Nothing soils fine clothes like bad manners.

Good manners are kindness and consideration for others.

Good manners, good morals.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from the company they keep.

Marriage. Choose your wife as you would your coat, for qualities that will wear.

The cheapest labor is the dearest.

By the time a man really knows enough to marry he knows enough not to.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain of servitude.

Marriage is like a bird-cage. The birds outside are anxious to get in, and the "ins" are anxious to get out.

When the man is fire and the woman is tow
A wee little match and a wee little scratch
Will start a big flame and a deil of a row.
It is too early to marry at twenty-one, at one
hundred it is a little too late.

"I believe in marrying early—and often," said the
"grass-vidder."

Martyr—martyrdom. If you will be a martyr provide for your family beforehand.

Every man is willing to be a martyr in a good cause—if he can see money in it.

The fourteen poor women the Puritans hanged for witches in Salem were martyrs to cruel superstition.

Mask. The world is a masked ball, and you are one of the dancers.

The mask falls off and behold—the lion is a jack-ass.

Nature never intended man to wear a mask—she writes him on his face.

Masses. Politicians pander to the masses.

The masses follow the jackasses.

Master. Whatever good work you undertake, master it.

If you would be master of men, master yourself.

Matches. "Matches are made in heaven"?

Mistake, my dear, they go off at a scratch and you soon smell brimstone.

Matrimony. His pulse beats matrimony.

Try matrimony, my dear little sonny,
At twenty-five with a frugal wife,
And lots of love and a little money.

The "outs" want in and the "ins" want out.

Matter. We are three—

Known, yet unknown—unfathomable to man—
Time, Space, and Matter pregnant with all life,
Immortals older than the oldest orb.

We were and are forever: out of us
Are all things—suns and satellites, midge and
man.—*Beyond.*

We only know that matter cannot die:
And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,
Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,
Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.—*Beyond.*
Worlds wax and wane, suns crumble into dust,
But matter pregnant with immortal life,
Hath, since the white-haired centuries wheeled
the vast,

Nor lost nor gained. Who made it, and who made
The Maker? out of nothing—nothing.—*Beyond.*

Maxim. Maxims are the wisdom of the world
boiled down.

Don't fire maxims at us with a Maxim gun.

May-be. Ten may-be's don't make one is.

May-be's fly all the year round.

May-be's and "ifs" fly together.

He expects his honey from may-be's.

Mayor. If you would reform a city, start in on the
mayor and the dog-catcher.

Mean. The meanest man on earth is he who betrays a friend.

Means. If "the end justifies the means" burn your house to get rid of the rats.

Measure. Don't measure every man by yourself.
 Measure the ocean with a drinking-cup!
 Measure eternity by the town-clock!
 Nay, with a yard-stick measure the universe!
 Measure for measure measure God by man!—*Men.*

Medicine. A contented mind is the best medicine.
 Take your "medicine" like a man.
 No doctor takes his own medicine.
 The medicine that cured the cobbler killed the tailor.
 A little forethought is good medicine for a "sore-head."

Medium. There is a medium between a fool and philosopher.

Meet. Meet danger half-way.
 Meet a coward face to face and he will flunk.
 Meet the liar face to face.

Melancholy. The melon-colic days are come,
 The saddest of the year,
 When bad boys jump the melon-patch
 With a bull-dog in the rear.—*Parody.*
 Melancholy ain't no good: take a dose uf "spirits"
 and git rid uf it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Memory. It is easy to forget what we do not wish to remember.
 His forgetery is better than his memory.
 Our memories are too long or too short.
 Let memory be your monitor.
 He has a long tongue and a short memory.

Men. Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

Man is a creature of a thousand whims,
The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.

—*Men.*

Men seek for silver in the distant hills,
While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;
Give him the land and he demands the sea;
Give him the earth, he reaches for the stars.—*Men.*

I had rather be a great man in a little house,
than a little man in a great house.

A man must be something to do something.

Men have been learning error age on age,
And superstition is their heritage,
Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son
Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

There are three kinds of men—the man that falls
back, the man that sits on a stool and grumbles,
and the man that strides forward with doubters
hanging to his coat-tail.

Men do not lack strength; they lack courage.
The nearer you get to a great man the smaller
he is.

Men are led by their desires.

Men admire in themselves what they carp at in
others.

If nature can't make men equal, how can men
do it?

Men are rare,—there are millions of “two-legged
animals without feathers.”

Men mold their virtues to suit their interests.

Men are only grown-up babies.

Everybody likes to shake hands with a hand full of money.

Men are mixtures of good and evil.

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight and a rare few circum-sight.

Hungry men are always radicals.

Little men allus think they're ten times bigger thun they air.—*Broncho Bill*.

Mend. "It is never too late to mend," said the cobbler when there was nothing left of the shoe but the string.

"Never too late to mend," never too stout to bend.

Mercy. Nature knows no mercy; her laws are inflexible.

Where there is doubt let mercy decide.

Can the merciless expect mercy?

Merit. Audacity often wins where merit fails.

He hez got a merit-mark on his neck, said Bronco Bill, when they hung the horse-thief.

Metaphysics. What neither speaker or listener can understand they call "Metaphysics."

Don't physic us with metaphysics.

Method. Method is a time-saver.

A man without method spends half his time in hunting for things mislaid.

Mettle—metal. Let men know what metal you are made of.

He has too much mettle for a blind "hoss."

Midst. Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend,
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Blind in the midst we grope and wait.

We only know this midget, man,

May never trace the mighty plan,

From Chaos to the Ultimate.—*A Message.*

Might. In war might is the measure of right.

Right makes might and might makes right.

Millenium. "The Millenium hez cum, Jo ;

See thar—the wolf lyin' down with the lamb."

"I see the wolf, Bill, but whar's the lamb?"

"He's on the inside, Jo."—*Bronco Bill.*

Millionaire. One bottle of wine will make him a
millionaire.

A millionaire—a profligate heir.

Mind. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent
use ;

In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

The mind needs a change of food as well as the
body.

A contented mind is the best medicine.

Mine. Mine is mine and thine is thine.

He has a hole in the ground and he calls it a
mine.

A mining deal is like the Bismarck Gardens in
Chicago where it costs you "two bits" to get
in and "four bits" to get out.

Minority. Wise men are always in the minority.

In politics when the minority has the chairman
the minority has the majority.

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," cried a member of
Congress when Tom Reed was in the chair,
"I doubt if this resolution has the majority."

“It has, sir,” said Tom Reed, “I am the majority.”

The minority is always on the wrong side.

Miracle. God’s works are all miracles.

A fact is itself a miracle.

Miracles are performed by mother Nature.

That men can believe in miracles is almost a miracle.

Miser. The miser does not own his gold; his gold owns him.

Miserable. Don’t make yourself miserable today because you may hear bad news tomorrow.

Misery. Misery is in the mind. Who thinks himself miserable is miserable.

Mis-fit. The wust fit any feller ever fell intu is a mis-fit with a “grass-vidder.”—*Bronco Bill*.

Misfortune. Our best lessons are learned in misfortune.

He is fortunate who can bear misfortune nobly.
How patiently we endure the misfortune of others.

Meet misfortune with fortitude.

He who can bear prosperity wisely can bear misfortune patiently.

When misfortunes come in flocks, fire a battery of maxims at ’em.

We spend half our lives bemoaning misfortunes that never come.

In misfortune repentance begins.

Miss. Miss Anthrope married Mr. Crabtree; their children were high-bred (hybrid) crab-apples.

Mistake. Mistakes and suffering give us keen eyes and sharp ears.

The man that never made a mistake is a liar.

Learn from the mistakes of others.

We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mistakes.
The only sensible thing he ever did was done
by mistake.

Make your mistake a stepping-stone to success.

Mistrust. Mistrust, distrust.

Moan. The song of songs is a moan.

Mob. The mob—a many-headed brute.

A mob is a monster with many heads and no
brains.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar.—*Men.*

See jealous labor strike the hand that feeds,
And burn the mills that grind their daily bread.
—*Men.*

The mob is like blind Samson in the temple of
Dagon.

The fickle mob turns to every breeze.

Where the mad mob rules Liberty runs mad,
And justice dies. * * * *

O was the blood of patriot fathers shed
To found an empire governed by the mob—
Where Freedom falls and Anarchy, instead,
Teaches her hungry wolves to rape and rob?

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Modesty. True modesty avoids a remote sugges-
tion of evil.

Modesty wears modest clothes.

The belle of Wyomin'—Shy Ann—is naturly
modest, but she likes tu show her red petti-
coat.—*Bronco Bill.*

Moments. Moments are the atoms of Eternity.

Money. Make money your God and it will be-
come your Devil.

Nothing talks louder than money.
 She who marries money sells herself.
 He who loses his money loses his best friend.
 Money—the circulating medium—is the life-blood
 of nations.

In the game of Life money is trumps.
 He that has honey on his tongue will put money
 in his purse.

He is a wise man who knows how to spend his
 money.

Be the master of money, not its slave.

He can find money to bet on a horse race when
 he can't find money to buy bread for his chil-
 dren.

Money is worth what it will buy.

Monkey. The monkey is second cousin to all men,
 and closer kin to many.

We have descended (a long way) from the mon-
 key.

Don't monkey with a buzz-saw.

If we are no longer monkeys let us act like men.

He appears to be a cross between a monkey and
 a pole-cat.

Although in silk the monkey dress,

He's still a monkey nevertheless.—Trans. from
 the Spanish.

Monopoly. Monopolies fatten a few and beggar a
 multitude.

Throttle the "Trusts" and crush the coils com-
 bined

That crack our bones and fatten on our fields.

—Men.

Monument. In his eulogy of the dead he endeav-
 ored to build a monument for himself.

Moon—moonshine. Did you ever hear the moon
bark back at the dogs?

Moonshine is a thin diet.

He dined on faith and supped on moonshine.

Mortality. Dead in the prime of his years,
And laid in the lap of the dust;

Only a handful of ashes

Moldering down into dust.—*Lines, etc.*

Mother. Poverty is the mother of genius.
The earth is the mother of all.

Mother-in-law. Philosophy is a cure for everything
but a mother-in-law.

Mother-wit. Mother-wit and daddy-grit
Will never harm a boy a bit.

Mother-land. Living for your mother-land is better
than dying for it.

Motive. Men are moved by motive.

Mouth. His mouth is a megaphone.

His mouth hez bin open so long he cain't shet it.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Much—too much. Make much of the little you
have.

Enough is often too much.

Multitude. Government by the multitude is mob-
ocracy.

Must. "Must" will drive "Can't" over a mountain.
When Nature commands we must.

Myself. The best friend I have is myself.
Nature commands me to defend myself.

Mystery. I dreamed a dream all mist and mystery.
—*Pauline.*

There is no mystery—only mist in our eyes.

N

Nagging. Nagging is a bad habit; better be a bore.

Name. What's in a name?—Honor or shame.
Where is Cæsar?—All that is left is a name.
They tarred him with a nickname.
A nickname sticks worse than a sticking-plaster.

Nations. The American nation was born in a log-cabin.

All nations are kin and will some day be one.
All nashins will some day be one; but thet'll be
when the uth is knocked intu etarnity by a comet
er a uthquake, an' thar ain't nobody left but the
heathen Chinees.—*Bronco Bill.*

Nature. There is no mercy in the laws of Nature.
Nature demands a fair price for everything.

Nature the only perfect artist is:
Who studies Nature may approach her skill:
Perfection hers, but never can be his,
Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill:
The finest works of art are Nature's shadows
still.—*Poetry.*

Yea, in the womb of Nature slumber still
Wonders undreamed and forms beyond compare.
—*Beyond.*

The wise man studies Nature.
It is folly to fight against the laws of Nature.
In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for
chance.
The facts of Nature are arguments indisputable.
Nature makes no mistake; everything is good for
something.

Drive Nature out at the front door and she'll
come in at the back.

Nature holds a mortgage on all of us.

Nature is always busy doing her best.

Nature is the best philosopher, the best poet, the
best painter.

Nature is the "Holy Bible"; every word in her
great book is a fact revealed.

Nature never tells a lie.

Every word written in Nature is in the hand-
writing of God.

Nature creates in pairs.

Nature will not adjust herself to us; we must
adjust ourselves to nature.

Nature never pardons.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has writ-
ten.

Ole Mother Natur works every day in the week:
she don't stop tu pray pra'rs an' sing sams on
Sunday.—*Bronco Bill*.

Necessity. Necessity is a hard master, but a good
teacher.

Yield to necessity with good grace.

Need—needy. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Bid the beggar come tomorrow; give to the needy
now.

Neighbor. Prosperous neighbors make good cus-
tomers.

He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,
And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.
When we are content with ourselves we are con-
tent with our neighbors.

Self-denial is a great virtue—especially in your
neighbor.

Nettle. The best way to handle a nettle is to grasp it with a glove on.

New. 'Tis but a new toot on the same old horn
That brayed in ancient Greece and Babylon.—*Men.*

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry.*
We pull down the old monuments to build new
ones for ourselves out of the material.

As the new comes in at the front door the old
slips out at the back.

The old is new and the new is old.

Ole Solomon said thar wuz nuthin' new under
the sun; but they didn't hev no yeller news-
papers in his day.—*Bronco Bill.*

New England. New England has become New Ire-
land.

New England!—thar's whar they take a sheep
by the tail an' poke 'im down between the
rocks tu git a nibble uf grass.—*Bronco Bill.*

News. If you would hear news about yourself ask
the gossips.

She carries the news in her hat.

If you wish to hear the news of the city go into
the country.

Most of the news nowadays is manufacturd in
the top-story uf the newspaper office.

—*Bronco Bill.*

No. "No" is shorter than "Yes."

You can say "no" so meekly that it is half a
"yes."

Learn to say "No" and save time and trouble.

Noise. The headless herd are but a noise of wind.
—*Men.*

Hear the demagogues

Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Great noise and good sense soon part company.

Nose. A man with a long nose rarely pokes it into
other people's affairs.

The long-nosed pig is a whole hog.

Poke a hornet's nest with another man's nose.

Ef yer want yer nose scratched stick it intu a
wimmin's-rights meetin'.—*Bronco Bill.*

Nothing—nothingness. Out of nothing, nothing.
—*Beyond.*

Where nothing is lost something is gained.

Nothing is good for nothing.

Life gives us a glimpse into nothingness.

Nothing for nothing.

Novelty. Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry.*
Novelties cost more than bread.

Now. All the time you are sure of is now.
The nick o' time is now.

Nut. Don't eat your nut before you crack it.
Every man can find plenty of nuts to crack with-
out cracking his own "cocoanut."
Don't club the tree: the nuts have fallen.

O

Oak. Hearts of oak and arms of steel.

Up grew in silence through a thousand years
The Titan-armed, gnarl-jointed, rugged oak,
Rock-rooted.—*An Old English Oak.*

For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
 May dare the deep and breast the bilowy sea,
 When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
 And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
 And roars through all his grim and vast immen-
 sity.—*Poetry.*

Oar. The lazy lubber lays on his oars and waits
 for the wind.

Obedience. Obedience to the laws of nature is
 health and wealth.
 My feet obey; my heart rebels.
 He who cannot command must obey.

Oblivion. Immortal Fame! O dust and death!
 The centuries as they pass proclaim
 That fame is but a mortal breath,
 And man must perish, name and fame.—*Fame.*

Dust to dust:
 What is gained when all is lost?
 Gaily for a day we tread—
 Proudly with averted head—
 O'er the ashes of the dead—
 Blind with pride and mad with lust:
 Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Obscurity. He reasons from obscurity to obscur-
 ity.
 Like the cuttle fish he seeks safety in obscurity.
 What matter if the dust of ages drift
 Five fathoms deep above my grave unknown.
—*Poetry.*

Observation—observer. Observe closely; think
 carefully.
 The observer who studies in the school of Time
 learns much.

Obstinacy. No ass so obstinate as ignorance.—*Men.*
Perseverance in a good cause is obstinacy in a bad one.

Occasion. An occasion lost is lost forever.
Catch occasion by the fore-lock, she is bald behind.

Occupation. Idleness is the mother of mischief.
Do something worth doing.
Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

The slave, the idler are alike unblessed,
Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*
Du suthin wuth duin' ef it's on'y kickin' yerself.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Ocean. Measure the ocean with your drinking-cup?
What we know is a few drops of an infinite ocean.

Office. He who desires office most deserves it least.

Oil. Lubricate—lubricate: oil prevents friction.
Pour oil on troubled waters.
There is no medicine so good for anger as a little sweet oil.

Old bird. An old bird is ware of a gun.
You can tell an old bird by her feathers.

Old. The old live in grave yards.
Give me an old head and a young heart.
As the new comes in at the front door the old slips out at the back.
The old is new and the new is old.
We pull down the old to build the new.

Old age. Some men are born old, some never grow old.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.
Old age crowned with folly is pitiful.

Old story. That is an old story: it was told first
by Ananias.

Opinion. When a man asks your opinion he wants
you to confirm his.

We like the man who is of our own opinion.

Opinions begin at the top and work down.

Weigh the opinions of others; decide by your
own.

Take the opinions of others and sift them through
your own sieve.

He who would be right must sometimes change
his opinion.

Opportunity. A wise man will make more oppor-
tunities than a fool can find.

If opportunities were flying in flocks he couldn't
tell an opportunity from a black-bird.

A wise man makes opportunities while others
are waiting for them.

Opportunity may slip by while you deliberate.

A big opportunity rarely comes to a little man.

When the opportunity comes, come to the oppor-
tunity.

Opposition. Opposition is a whetstone to the
fanatic.

The "outs" are always the opposition.

Oppression. For ages have the learned of the
schools

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—The Reign of Reason.

Orator—oratory. Truth is the greatest orator.

His tongue has got in the habit of talking and he can't hold it.

His mouth has been open so long, he can't shut it.

He has less oratory and more noise than a brass band.

He's a "spread-eagle" orator—all wings and tail-feathers and squawk.

Order. Order is the daughter of wisdom and the mother of success.

Perpetual change is the order of the Universe.

Order yourself and keep yourself in order.

Originality. I had rather write one word upon the rock

Of ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*

Many authors are full of original nonsense.

Original?—what is original?—original ignorance.

Ostentation. The higher he soars the more he flutters his feathers.

Other—others. The "Golden Rule" applies to your neighbor and not to yourself?

Confucius preached the "Golden Rule" 500 years before Jesus was born.

If you are right let others flunk,—“stand pat.”

Do your duty by others if they fail to do their duty by you—it pays.

Remember that other people have eyes, too.

Ourselves. We are too easily reconciled to ourselves.

We easily pardon in ourselves what we condemn in others.

We build churches for ourselves.

We like to be confessor to others, but not to ourselves.

When we are content with ourselves we are
content with our neighbors.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease—
even of ourselves.

Overdo—overdone. Do, but don't overdo: over-
done is as bad as underdone.

Owls. Wise men there be, for owls are counted
wise,

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.

* * * * *

These have one argument, and only one,
For good or evil, earth or jeweled heaven—
The olden, owlsh argument of Doubt.—*Men.*

He blinks like a wise old owl and says nothing.

Own—ownership. The man who minds his own
business is well employed.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease,
even of ourselves.

Ox. Begrudge not the patient ox his corn.
The ox pulls the cart and the monkey rides.

Oyster. It was a long road from protoplasm to the
oyster, and a long time before the oyster shed
his shell and walked on two legs.

P

Pain. Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

Pains. No gains without pains.
Take pains and make gains.

Pair. Nature makes all things in pairs.

Parasite. Men are divided into princes and parasites.

The herd are parasites of parasites.

Pardon. Who pardons the guilty punishes the innocent.

It is easy for a man to pardon himself.

We easily pardon in another the offence of which we ourselves have been guilty.

Nature never pardons; her laws are immutable.

Pardon crowns the victor.

Parsimony. Parsimony and poverty are rarely bed-fellows.

Parsimony is the worst kind of poverty.

Partizans. Patriots first, partizans last.

Party. His party has seven cardinal principles—five loaves and two fishes.

Passion. Control your passions, or your passions will control you.

Passion, like fire, under control is beneficial.

Temper passion with reason.

Every passion is written on the face.

Passion is the wild steed, reason the rider.

Put a bridle on your passions or they will put a halter on you.

Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

Past. An old man's future is in the past.

Don't keep on hurraing after the procession has gone past.

Don't spend your time bemoaning the past—look ahead.

We live in the shadow of the past.

We may mis-read the present by the light of the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

We stand upon the shoulders of the past.
Only the past is certain.

Path. It is easy to follow a beaten path, not so easy to blaze a new trail through the wilderness.

Watch out for pit-falls in your path.

Step over the stumbling-blocks in your path.

If you kick every stone in your path you will soon have sore toes.

Patience. If you wait for the mountain to come to you, will patience bring it?

He who is equipped with patience and perseverance is equipped for work.

Patience is out of place in a hornets-nest.

He is over patient who can sit calmly on a hot stove.

It is idle to preach patience to a drowning man.

Patience is twin brother of fortitude.

It is easy to practise Christian patience when your mother-in-law has the tooth-ache.

Patience may be good for boils (see Job) but a poultice is better for carbuncles.

Be patient, but not pusillanimous.

Patience lightens burdens, but if you are too patient they will pile on more than you can carry.

On an up-hill road with a big load the patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.

Fortify courage with patience.

Patience lightens the burden.

Patience in a swarm of mosquitos?

Patience is power.

He's as patient as Job's wife.

Patriot—patriotism. "It's patriotism," said T.R.

"It's politics," said Harriman.

Patriots first—partizans second.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

Pawn. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

Pay-day. Every day in the week is pay-day.

Pay-day comes to every man—good or bad.

Pay-master. A well-tilled field is a good pay-master.

Nature is a punctual pay-master.

God pays us what we earn.

Peace. War is just only when we fight for peace.

Pat said "Oi 'm niver at pace ony whin Oi 'm in a foight."

"The Bible says there is no piece for the wicked," said the mother when her bad boy begged for a piece of pie.

Pearls. He casts his pearls before swine, but it's only pearl-barley and the pigs like it.

Peculiarity. Peculiarity marks the man.

Pedantry. He who likes to show his learning to the ignorant shows his ignorance to the learned.

Pegasus. Don't mistake an ass for Pegasus.

Pen. The lance of chivalry was shattered by the goose-quill of Cervantes.

I can give you a pen, but I can't give you brains to use it.

It gin 'im the "blues," an' he tackled the Muse, An' he tuk a pen an' writ.—*Bronco Bill.*

Penitent. Beware of a public penitent.

The prisons are full of penitents.

Penny. It is a good penny that saves the pound.

Don't spend a dollar's worth of time hunting for
a lost penny.

People. The world may be divided into people who
think and people who let others think for them.

Give the people perfect liberty and see the Kil-
kenny cat-fight.

The "dear people" like to be deceived; they suck
flattery as calves suck milk.

Remember that other people have eyes too.

"I am fighting for the dear people," said a candi-
date for Congress. "How mony av 'em hev
yez in yer family?" asked Pat.

Perfection. Perfection can only be approximated,
not attained.

Perfume. Kick a skunk and catch the perfume.

Perpetual motion. He has solved the problem of
perpetual motion—with his tongue.

Perseverance. Prudence, patience, perseverance!

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf

To shining silk; the lapidary's skill

Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,

Or cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.—*Poetry.*

Stick-to-it will do it.

Patience and perseverance are better than bril-
liant parts.

Perseverance in a good cause is obstinacy in a
bad one.

Persistence. Persistence is power; the tender
mushroom will break through hard clay.

Persistent courage wins the smile of fate.—*Pauline*
Men lack purpose and persistence more than talent.

On an up-hill road with a big load the little donkey will beat a thoroughbred.

Perverse. Man has a natural taste for forbidden fruit.

There are more balky men than balky mules.
Some men are so perverse that they will spend their lives trying to make water run up-hill.

Petticoat. Beware of vice in rouge and red petticoats.

When the wife wears the pants who wears the petticoats?

He is a sneak who hides under his wife's petticoats.

"An' he rid on a side-saddle
In petticoats—half a-straddle."—*Bronco Bill*.

Philosophy—philosopher. Philosophy won't ease a boil under the seat of your pants.

Philosophy may do for breakfast, but it's a poor dinner.

When your friend has the toothache give him a dose of philosophy and watch the effect.

To discover and practise good is true philosophy.
A man may talk like a philosopher and live like a fool.

Philosophy!—philosophy!—Diogenes starved in a tubful of philosophy.

The philosopher can patiently endure his mother-in-law's toothache.

Rocky-feller found the philosopher's stone in an oil-well.

The man who is content is a true philosopher.

Physic—physician. The more physic the worse for the patient.

Physicked with metaphysics.—*Men.*

Call one doctor and you may live; call two and—
make your will.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

Pig. Every pig to his own pen.

The biggest pig I ever saw walked on two legs.

The runt pig of a litter of pig-mies.

Pilot. Who takes a blind man for a pilot?

He's a good pilot in a mill-pond.

Pilot your own life-boat.

Pit. Who digs a pit for others may fall into it himself.

Pity. Pity not the dead but the living.

He pities the pore, but he makes 'em pay fer it.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Plagiarism. If plagiarism were a capital crime few modern authors would escape the hangman.

Plans. The best of plans may be spoiled in execution.

Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

Play. Play the lion with lions and the fox with foxes.

If you want to play into the hearts of the "dear people" play a brass band.

Please—pleasure. Our greatest pleasure is in pleasing others.

Everything goes by pairs—pleasure and pain,
good and evil.

The sweetest harp of heaven
Were hateful if it played the self same tune
Forever.—*Change.*

The most delicious fruits
Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,
And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change.*

Pleasure and pain grow on one stem.
Did ever any man please everybody?
There are few men who can please even them-
selves.

There is more pleasure in a good deed done
than in the applause of the million.

Pledge. The streets are paved with broken pledges.
A bad pledge is better broken.

Plow—plowman. He plows with a pencil and reaps
with a pen.

His plow handles are too long, he lives in the
city and his farm is fifty miles away.

Ah blithesome plowmen whistling on the glebe,
Ah merry mowers singing in the swaths,
Sweet, simple souls contented not to know,
Wiser are ye and ye may teach the wise.

—*O let me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago.*

Pluck. Pluck is better than luck.

Pluck and luck make a strong team.

When the peach is ripe it is time to pluck it.

Plum. He goes to the plum tree for pears and
the pear tree for plums.

'Taint every plum thet's wuth pickin'.—*Bronco Bill.*

Plunder. He who plunders thousands thinks he
does a generous deed when he doles out pen-
nies to the poor.

Pocket. I put my hand in my pocket and find a friend.

Keep your best friend in your pocket.

Poet—poetry. The grandest poem is God's universe:

In measured rhythm the planets whirl their course;

Rhythm swells and throbs in every sun and star,

In mighty ocean's organ-peals and roar,

In billows bounding on the harbor-bar,

In the blue surf that rolls upon the shore,

In the low zephyr's sigh, the tempest's sob,

In the rain's patter and the thunder's roar;

Aye, in the awful earthquake's shuddering throb,

When old Earth cracks her bones and trembles to her core.—*Poetry.*

All poetry must be, if it be true,

Like the keen arrows of the Grecian God

Apollo, that caught fire as they flew.—*Poetry.*

Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,

And every rhymester thinks the saying true;

Better unborn than wanting labor's aid;

Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made

Between the hammer and the anvil. Few

Have the true metal, many have the fire.—*Poetry.*

No slave or savage ever proved a bard;

Men have their bent, but labor its reward.—*Poetry.*

The poet's brain with spirit-vision teems;

The voice of nature warbles in his heart;

A sage, a seer, he moves from men apart,

And walks among the shadows of his dreams.

—*Poetry.*

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art

In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same:

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry*.
Poetry is truth set to music.

Workmen are plenty but the masters few.
He will read and range and rhyme in vain
Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.

—*Poetry*,

Long-haired poets are out of fashion.

Poetaster. "*Poeta nacitur non fit.*" Such a poet
is a born misfit.

See dapper poets hurrying for their dimes
With maudlin verses tinsel-tipped with rhymes.

—*Poetry*,

He climbs a tree to catch moonshine.

I hear loud voices and a clamorous throng
With braying bugles and with bragging drums—
Bards and bardies laboring at a song.

One lifts his locks above the rest preferred,
And to the buzzing flies of fashion thrums
A banjo. Lo him follow all the herd.—*Poetry*.

Better a skillful cobbler at his last

Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre,
Who sails on land and gallops on the blast,
And mounts the welkin on a braying ass,
Clattering a shattered cymbal bright with brass,
And slips his girth and tumbles in the mire.

—*Poetry*,

He wuz a spring poet. He went out in the goose-
pastur, an' mouthed his pome, an' yer orter
heard the geese.—*Bronco Bill*.

Policy. Lubricate the tongue; it takes oil to run
the machine.

"My policy" is himself.

Labor is light when your heart is in it.

Politeness. Over-politeness is hypocrisy.

Studied politeness is boorish.

Kindness is politeness everywhere.

Politics—politicians. In the game of politics money is trumps.

* * *

Hear the demagogues
 Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
 With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
 Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*
 Hear the old bandogs of the Daily Press,
 Chained to their party posts, or fetter free
 And running amuck against old party creeds,
 On-howl their packs and glory in the fight.
 See mangy curs, whose editorial ears
 Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze,
 Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
 snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men.*

I sings mein leetel song—"Reform";
 Dot shakes der goundry like a storm;
 I makes die peobles all belief
 I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

Politics makes men cowards.

Politicians play and the people pay the piper.
 Politicians pander to the weak side of the masses.
 A politician is like a dog in a wheel.
 The women hev gone inter pollytics, an' the pore
 men'll hev tu nuss the babies.—*Bronco Bill.*

Why these parades, brass-bands and braying
 drums,

These frantic howls from pulpit, stage and slums?
 What is the matter? What's it all about?
 One side is in and t'other side is out.

I've bin thinkin', Jim, 'bout politics

An' patriots an' sich,

An' how they promise nugget gold,

An' give us—gilded bricks.—*Bronco Bill.*

Poor. A poor man has few cousins.
It's hard to be hungry and honest.

Populace. Where *Gre*x is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

The yelping curs that bay the rising moon
Are not more clamorous and the fitful winds
Not more inconstant.—*Men*.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar;
As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas;
Like gnats they swarm, like flies they buzz and
breed.—*Men*.

The populace are either tooting tin horns or
crawling on their bellies.

The populace judge from passion, fashion and
prejudice.

As with poor wine so with the populace, agitation
brings the dregs to the top.

Popular—popularity. Popular opinion is like a pendulum—always seesawing.

Popular praise is a puff of wind.

A popular man makes everything he advocates
popular.

A popular man, right or wrong, has many followers.

If you want to be popular hire a brass band and
swing a "big stick."

Posterity. "Gintlemin, Oi can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me posterity, fer Biddy an' me hez twinty wan av 'em."

"What has posterity done for us?"

—*Sir Boyle Roche*.

Potatoes. Buttered baked potatoes grow in the garden of fools.

Ah, sweet content,—the blessing of the blest—
Upon thy cheerful table—east or west—
Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

His family-tree is like a potato top.

Poverty. If you would keep from poverty keep out of debt.

Poverty rocked the cradle of most great men.
Poverty makes men cowards.
Republics breed both luxury and poverty.
Poverty may laugh at a burglar.
Poverty is the mother of genius.

Power. Patience, pluck and perseverance are power.

Practice. Many preach, few practice.

Practice what you preach.
The doctor practices on his patients.

Praise. Praise him and he will praise you.

He who listens for praise will hear dispraise.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—
Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?
Heap o'er their heads sweet praise or calumny—
Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?

—*Poetry*

Praise God by righteous deeds and brother-love.

—*Men*

Let your deeds praise you, your tongue never.
Virtue starves on hollow praise.

Seek advice rather than praise.

He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

Let your praise come from the mouth of a friend.
The rebuke of the wise is better than the praise
of a fool.

It is easier to get praise than to earn it.

Prayer. The same immutable laws that govern the
sun and his planets govern all things.
Can prayer reverse the seasons, or turn night
into day?

Prayer is the plea of ignorance.

Prayer presumes that God is weak and variable.

All my prayers are one—

Father, thy will be done.

Prayer presumes that God is human.

Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.

Storm over, prayers over.

Prayer is a complaint against Providence.

Pray, pray—but don't prey on your friends.

Precedent. The olden precedents—

Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.

—*Pauline.*

Precedents are not proofs.

Precedents are often stumbling blocks.

Better make a good precedent than follow a bad
one.

Progress, not precedent.

"To follow foolish precedents, and wink

With both our eyes, is easier than to think."

—*Cowper.*

Precept. The entire New Testament may be boiled
down into one precept (borrowed from Con-
fucius)—"Do unto others as you would have
others do unto you."

Let your practice precede your precepts.

Precipice. A precipice before and fire in the rear.

Precipitate. He is too precipitate who goes off
"half-cocked."

Prejudice. When we cast off an old prejudice we
are apt to take on a new one.

Prepare. Be always prepared.

Be prepared both for your friends and your
enemies.

Prepare your ground before you sow the seed.

Prepare for the storm ere it cometh.

Prepare to be disappointed.

He is prepared who is always on guard.

Present—presents. Make good use of the present
and the future will be provided for.

We sometimes misread the present by the light
of the past.

Pay your debts first and make presents after-
wards.

Press. A newspaper is simply the mouth-piece of
the man behind it.

The newspaper "is a power in the land" for good
or evil.

People have quit reading the Bible and gone to
reading newspapers.

Is this the golden age or the age of gold?

Lo by the page or column fame is sold.

Hear the big journal braying like an ass;

Behold the brazen statesmen as they pass.—*Poetry.*

See mangy curs whose editorial ears

Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze,

Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men.*

The press is the mill that grinds the grist the boss-miller wants ground.

Presume—presumption. Don't presume too much on the weakness of your enemy or the strength of your friend.

Presumption leaps, knowledge creeps.

Pretense. Loud crowing and flapping of wings, but he never gets above his dung-hill.

Prevention. It is better to prevent than to punish.

Price. A "cut" price is a pick-pocket.

If you "go the pace" you must pay the price.

Every man has his price if it is only "two bits" worth of flattery.

Pride. Ignorance is the mother of pride.

The littler man, the greater his pride.

Pride pays two per cent. per month to conceal his poverty.

Pride is a weed that grows rankest on a dung-hill.

He wore a diamond on his busom an' tew patches on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill.*

Prince. Every prince has his parasites.

Princes and parasites comprise mankind.

To one wise prince a million parasites.—*Men.*

Principal. His principal business is poking his nose into other people's business.

His principal business is killing time.

Principle. His principle is to add compound interest to his principal.

Men of principle should be the principal men.

Probability. Two probabilities don't make one fact.

Procrastination. Better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

The procrastinator dies deliberating.

Precipitancy and procrastination are equal faults.

Prodigal—prodigality. Pinching economy saves for prodigality, and prodigality runs down hill to penury.

When the prodigal returns to the family fold,

Take the poor hungry sinner in out of the cold;

Kill a hen or a calf, put a bottle on ice,

And call him to dinner and give him a slice.

Profanity. Profanity is a brutal vice and a sure sign of bad breeding.

Profess. Profess nothing you are unable to do.

Better possess than profess.

Profit. Profit by the mistakes of others.

You can't afford to work for nothing and board yourself.

A prophet without profit.

Profuse. He that is profuse is rarely profound.

Progress. Behold the serried ranks of truth advance,

And conquering Science shakes her shining lance

Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Progress, not precedent.

We hev got tu the pint in pollytics whar we're

progressin' back'ards.—*Bronco Bill.*

Promise. Slow to promise, prompt to perform.

Hooks baited with promises catch gudgeons.

He that promises too much means nothing.

Promise may make a friend, performance will keep him.

Promises are cheap, performance dear.

Perform first, promise afterwards.

A promise is poor payment.

Swift to promise, slow to perform.

He lives in the land of promise and eats roast chickens before they are hatched.

A promise is a debt.

Better a dollar today than a promise of two tomorrow.

Prompt—promptness. Better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

Be slow to promise, prompt to fulfill.

Property. Property has its duties as well as its rights.

The individual ownership of property is the foundation of civilization.

Prophet. Prophets seldom profit by their prophecies.

The woods are full of prophets.

Thar ain't no profit in a prophet whose prophecies air—"I told yer so."—*Bronco Bill*.

Propitious. Watch for the propitious time.

Prosperity. They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

Beware of the prosperity that loads you with debt.

In prosperity, economy; in adversity, fortitude.

He who is insolent in prosperity will be a coward in adversity.

In prosperity friends flock to you; in adversity they scatter.

Hard work is still the road to prosperity.

Prosperity is the touchstone; it will prove the metal a man is made of.

All classes are benefited by the prosperity of one.
What prosperity conceals adversity reveals.

A lamb in prosperity, a lion in adversity.

In adversity calm; in prosperity calm.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity they will beware of you.

Protect. Protect the toiling millions by just laws.
—*Men.*

Protection. Put up the bars; bar out the pauper hordes;

Bar out their products that compete with ours.

Give honest toil at home an honest chance;

Build up our own and keep our coin at home.

In vain our mines pour forth their tons of gold

And silver, if by every ship they sail

For London, Paris, Birmingham and Berlin.—*Men.*

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them.

Proverbs. Proverbs are the condensed wisdom of ages.

Proverbs, wisdom boiled down.

Patch poverty with proverbs.

Shakespur wuzn't no poet like me, Jo; he picked
all the best bones outer the proverbs, an'
biled 'em with Bacon.—*Bronco Bill.*

Providence. God tempers the shorn lamb to the winds.

Hope and trust;

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan:

All his ways are wise and just;

Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched
 sand,
 What knows he of the huge, round, rolling earth?
 Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,
 Or ever wilt. Content thee; let it be;
 Know only this—there is a Power unknown,
 Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond*.
 Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see
 Either the dark beginning or the end,
 Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
 In the past orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Stretch forth thy hand, O man,
 To the winds and the quaking earth—
 To the heaving and falling sea—
 To the ultimate stars—and feel
 The throb of the spirit of God—
 The pulse of the Universe.—*Lines, etc.*

Rev. Mr.—“Trust in Providence, sister.”
 Deaf old Lady: “I kin du better fer cash.”
 Plant and till your garden well and Providence
 will give you a crop.

If you leap into the sea, Providence is not bound
 to fish you out.

Prudence. Prudence is the pivot on which a wise
 man turns.

Fortitude and prudence make a good span.
 Fortune is the friend of prudence.
 Presumption leaps, prudence creeps.

Psalm. All the grub that war left fer them pore
 shorn lambs

War a ferkin of pickled herrin' an' clams,
 One ole black Bible an' a Book uf Sams,
 An' forty bar'ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill*.

An' the fust thing he did—thet Puritan kid—
 Arfter singin' a sam an' prayin' a pra'r,
 War tu shute a Injun an' skelp his har;
 An' Captin Standish an' Elder Brewster
 They patted thet kid an' called 'im "The Ruster."
—Bronco Bill.

The choir sang a psalm of praise—for themselves.

Public. Who serves the public serves a fickle master.

Who serves the public serves a poor paymaster.

Public Opinion. In a republic public opinion is boss.

Nothing is more capricious than public opinion.
 Men will face shot and shell rather than face
 public opinion.

Pudding. Keep your fingers out of my pudding.
 He's a puddin'-head without plums.

Pull down. Pull down the toiler; lift the idler up?
—Men.

The play is over; pull down the curtain.
 Pull down the hawk's nest before the eggs are
 hatched.
 Pull down the hornet's nest with a long pole.
 A fool can pull down faster than a wise man
 can build up.

Pull up. It is easier to pull down than to pull up.
 It is hard pulling up hill.

Pun. There's a bit of fun in a witty pun.
 He is full of pickled puns.

Punctual—punctuality. If you would catch the
 train better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds
 behind.

Make punctuality a cardinal rule.
He wuz allus punctooal at "grub-time."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Punishment. To pardon the guilty is to punish
the innocent.

He who sins inflicts his own punishment.
Nature never pardons; she punishes.
Punish crime to prevent crime.

Pure—purity. The finest diamonds have flaws.
There are spots on the sun.

She is pure as snow, and—as cold.
If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.

Puritanical. Puritanical purity is like snow—it
freezes.

Puritan. The old Puritans tried to get to Heaven
on a bridge of sighs and psalms.

He kim over, a kid, in the Mayflower flock;
In a blizzard they landed on Plymouth Rock.
They war out at the toes an' jist about froze,
An' hed a cant-tankerous twang in the nose.
All the grub thet war left fer them pore, shorn
lamb

War a ferkin uf pickled herrin' an' clams,
One ole black Bible an' a Book uf Sams,
An' forty bar'ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Purpose. Work to a worthy purpose and you will
prosper.

Men lack purpose and persistence more than
talent.

Pursuit. It don't pay to pursue an express train
with a hand-car.

Half the pleasure is in the pursuit.

Push. Push your way—strike the iron till it is hot.
When yer agin the pricks don't push.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Pygmy. We only know that we are men—
Midge-midgets on this grain of sand
That rolls around our lesser sun
Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*Message.*

Most men are pigs; all men are pygmies.
He wuz the runt pig uf a litter uf pig-mies.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Q

Quack. Quack quackles quack when doctors disagree.

The quack is full of remedies for imaginary ills.
Every quack quacks and the biggest quack
quacks the loudest.

Thet quack's quack won't kill yer ef yer don't
take his pills.—*Bronco Bill.*

Quarrel. When steel strikes flint the sparks fly.
It takes two to quarrel.

He who quarrels with a skunk will get perfumed.
In every quarrel both sides are to blame.
It don't always take two to have a quarrel, a
man can quarrel with himself, and often he
ought to.

Question. The quibbler quirks the question.
A prudent question is a proof of wisdom.

Quotation. An apt quotation is always short.
How glibly the devil quotes Scripture!
Better not quote than misquote.

He quotes Scriptur like a pulpit politician.

—*Bronco Bill.*

R

Rabid—rabies. The very babes bark rabies.—*Men.*

Thet "reformer" rants like he hed the rabies.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Rage. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Rage is for beasts, not for men.

Rain. Let it rain, we are water-proof.

O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall—

Like rain, upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline.*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,

Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,

Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.—*Beyond.*

One dumb, lone lark sits shivering in the rain.

—*O Let Me Dream, etc.*

If it rained gold coins he wouldn't be ready to catch them.

If it rained ducks his gun wouldn't be ready.

The rain does not fall "where it listeth," but where the law of gravitation draws it.

Let 'er rain; us cowboys ain't made outer sugar.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ramparts. Thet gran' ole man, brave Brigham Young!

He sweetly thar reposes:

He war a bigger man thun Humer sung,

An' a better man thun Moses.

An' when they sent a army here—

Thet thar ole bump—Buchanan—

He found in thet brave pioneer

That these ram-parts hed a man on.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Ramshackle. In thet thar ole ram-shackle
Them Mormons call "The Tabernacle."
—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Rank. Rank goes by favor.
"I out-rank you," said the skunk to the badger.
His offense is rank, it smells of garlic.

Rascal. No one so much resembles an honest man
as a shrewd rascal.

Rash. Be neither rash nor timid.
May you never grow old till the end of Old
Time;
May you never be cursed with an itching for
rhyme,
For in spite of your physic, in spite of your plas-
ter,
The rash will break out till you go to disaster.
—*New Years' Address.*

Rattle. Let 'im rattle his little tin rattle,
An' root on his little tin horn;
He hez allus rattled an' tooted, yer know,
Sinse the day that he war born.
—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Thet jedge is jist big enuff ter rattle on the
bench.—*Bronco Bill.*

Reading. It is worse than time wasted to read
"yellow novels."
Read good books only, and winnow the wheat
from the chaff.
Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—
Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit
Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,
Gabbled in Greece, and riddled in old Rome,
And never coin a farthing of their own.—*Men.*

Ready. The wise man is always ready.

Be ready fer the wust an' yer'll du yer best.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Real. We chase the ideal and miss the real.

The Ideal blazes the trail for the Real.

Reason. Reason is the lamp-light of man.

Spice reason with wit.

Don't mistake your will for your reason.

Don't talk reason to gabbling geese.

Reason is God's best gift to man.

The most uncommon thing is common sense.—*Men.*

If you have no good reason for doing it, don't do it.

The wise are taught by reason, most men by experience, fools, by nothing.—*After Cicero.*

Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,

And lo the reign of Reason is begun.

Fantastic phantasms fly before the light—

Pale, gibbering ghosts and ghouls and goblin fears;

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands years?

Groping among the shadows of the night,

Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,

Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,

Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—

Sun-touched by Truth—awakes and rubs his eyes.—*The Reign of Reason.*

Let reason be our light, the only light

That God hath given unto benighted man

Wherewith to get a glimpse of his vast plan,

And stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Yea, superstition, since the world began,

Hath been a magic wand to govern man;

For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Reason was given to man that he might become
a god.

Temper all things with reason.

We are led less by reason than by custom and
habit.

Rebuke. The rebuke of the wise is better than the
praise of a fool.

If thy friend rebuke thee, thank him.

Reckon—reckoning. He reckons without reason.

If you will "flash," pay the reckoning.

Recreation. Unbend the bow, or else the bow will
break.—*Pauline.*

A time for work and a time for play

Will make a man healthy, happy and gay.

The mind needs recreation as well as the body

Redeem. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed

If you have made a promise redeem it.

Reflection. He that will not reflect is ruined.

A wise man reflects before he speaks.

A fool speaks first and reflects afterwards.

Our passions are reflected in our faces.

Reform. I sings mein leetel song—"Reform";

Dot shakes der goundry like a sdorm;

I makes die peobles all pelief

I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

If you would reform a city, start in on the dog-
catcher.

Loud-mouthed "Reformers" are always hungry—
for office or notoriety.

You can't reform the world in a day if you preach all night.

Regret. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets

Every old hat is full of regret.

Life is too short for regret,—go ahead, do better

A month of bliss, a year of hell:

'Twere better if we had not met;

But only weaklings hug regret,

And so we part,—and it is well.

Relax—relaxations. Unbend the bow, or else the bow will break.

Religion. Religion is as natural to man as the air he breathes.

My Religion: I believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

"I have slight touches of it occasionally," said a deaf and rheumatic old lady, when the minister asked her if she had religion.

Superstition is the religion of the ignorant.

I don't like a hypocrite that's so full of religion that he hain't got no room for honesty.—*Bronco Bill*.

He carries his religion in his pocket.

Thar ain't no authordox religion without a Devil in it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Every people make their own religion.

Don't mistake superstition for religion.

The true religion is to do right by your fellow-men.

Remember—remembrance. Remember your friends and don't forget your enemies.

The remembrance of one's faults and follies leads to wisdom.

Remembrance of one's good deeds is pleasant to the soul.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

Remorse. When a good man has done wrong, remorse gnaws him.

The bad man feels remorse when he is caught.

Repentance. The wolf repents that he failed to catch the lamb.

The burglar repents because he blew the safe open and found nothing.

"Mother," said Johnie in tears, "I repent." "What have you done, my dear boy?" asked the mother. "Nuthin," said Johnie, "on'y Bill Butler called me a liar and I didn't lick 'im."

The best repentance is reparation.

Of what good is repentance without reform?

Report. False report goes by fast express; the truth follows on a freight train.

You uncivil cit—you quote Barbour's Reports?

That's barbarous indeed, sir, in civilized courts;
And "Common Reports?" why you know they're all lies, sir,

And just made to order and all of assize, sir.

—*Quips and Quirks.*

Repose. Repose is power.

A flea can break the repose of a giant.

Republic. It takes a good many fools to run a republic.

A republic damns her best men.

Republics breed thieves, and end in anarchy.

Reputation. Take care of your character and your reputation will take care of itself.

Your reputation is what men say of you, your character is what you are.

Reputation is rarely proportioned to merit.

"He hed a big reputation cuz he blew a brass-band."—*Bronco Bill*.

Resentment. Resentment is right, but revenge recoils on the revenger.

Respect. Respect yourself if you wish the respect of others.

Rest. Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry*.

The body will rest if the mind will let it.

Only dead men rest.

I have little time to rest now; I have an eternity of rest before me.

In rest we rust.—*Poetry*.

Result. Look to the result.

Revelation. Without our reason how can we read Revelations?

A new fact discovered in Nature is a new revelation.

Revenge. Revenge is dear at any price.

Revenge is a much more punctual pay-master than gratitude.

How often do men prefer revenge to their interests.

He who punishes for revenge, himself commits a crime.

Revenge is the mother of miseries.

Fools think revenge is sweet; it is the bitterest of all bitters.

Resentment is right, but revenge recoils on the revenger.

Revenge is the weapon of the weak.

Secret revenge is the weapon of the coward.

The big man is above revenge.

Revenge never paid ten cents on the dollar.

The shot that killed Alexander Hamilton killed Aaron Burr.

Life is too short for revenge, and eternity too long.

At an anti-England convention in Dublin it was unanimously resolved "To gather up all the notes of the Bank of England and make a bonfire and burn 'em"—for revenge.

Revolution. Revolution is evolution.

Revolution defeated is treason; successful, patriotism.

"Revolutions never go backward," but they often end at the end of a rope.

Reward. God is a prompt pay-master. He pays us what we earn—good or evil.

"Virtue is its own reward"? Durn pore pay, Mister, when a feller is out at the toes, an' jist about froze, an' his stumick is turrible gnaw-in' an' thin.—*Bronco Bill*.

Rhetoric. Truth is true rhetoric.

Wings and tailfeathers and squawk are the rhetoric of a "spread-eagle" orator.

Rhetoric is reason well dressed.

Riches. To leave a son a fortune is, nine times out of ten, to leave him a misfortune.

How many of his millions did Harriman take with him to invest on the other side?

"Vat for you vill be poor, ven zwei glass lager vill maks you reech?"—*Hans*.

He that has enough is as rich as Rockefeller.

The rich plunder the poor and the poor plunder the rich.

As in a forest tall trees overshadow and dwarf the small ones, so in the multitudes of men, the rich and powerful overshadow and dwarf the poor and feeble.

Would'st thou be rich? The earth is full of riches: dig.

Rich men without good sense are but sheep, and everybody is ready to shear them.

Riches are a heavy burden, but most men are anxious to carry it.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

Ridicule. Who can argue against a horse-laugh?

The lance of chivalry was shivered by the goose-quill of Cervantes.

The "Greeley wave" was turned into soap-suds by the pencil of Thomas Nast.

Ridicule is more often effective than reason.

Ridicule is a weapon that only shrewd men can handle.

Ridiculous. "It is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" and the gentleman took it with both feet.—Letter of Author, St. Paul Globe, 1883.

Riding. Circus ridin' ain't no picnic,

Leastwise double ridin' aint,

With one foot on the devil

An' the ether on a saint.—*Bronco Bill*.

Right. It is better to be right than consistent.

We measure right by the hand of might.

Ripe. When the peach is ripe, pluck it.

When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus*.

Rise. This fellow falls from grace every day in the week but one: he always rises again on Sunday.

He is a strong man who can rise every time he falls.

Risk. He who risks nothing will win but little.

If you bet on a "sure thing" you are sure to lose. Don't pull the trigger till you are sure of your aim.

If you are "between the devil and the deep sea," take the risk of "standing pat."

He who has nothing to lose may risk all.

Road. On the wrong road the faster you run the farther you fall behind.

It is a bad road that leads to the poor-house.

It is a dangerous road that never turns to the right.

Rogue. No honest man has need of a rogue.

The rogue that will steal for you, will steal from you.

Romance. Recipe for making a "yellow romance":

1 teacupful of honey, 2 ounces of gall-nuts, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 pint of sweet oil, 2 ounces of Cayenne pepper, 2 quarts of moonshine, one can concentrated *lie*. Mix and stir with a goose quill.

Rome. In Rome, a Roman; in Greece, a Greek; in America—all sorts, from a Yankee to a Hot-tentot.

Room. In a log-cabin 12 x 12 there is room enough for two and happiness.

There is plenty of room 'on the roof.

Rope. He is knotting a rope to hang himself.

You can't hold a bull with a "rope of sand."

Loop a rope for your enemy and put your own foot in it.

Rouge. Look out for vice in rouge and a red petticoat.

Rudder. The ship without a rudder is bound for the rocks.

Be shore yer got a rudder hitched on before yer sail in.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ruin. His success was his ruin.

Rumor. Rumors, like snow-balls, gather as they go: to-day, a mouse; to-morrow, a mule, and next day a mammoth.

Rumor has a hundred mouths, a thousand tongues and a voice like a brass-band.

Rust. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

S

Sacrifice. He would sacrifice his mother-in-law for the sake of peace.

Sabbath. He prays on his knees on the Sabbath, and preys on the public the rest of the week.

Sage. A sage is the son of ages.

Sail. Sail boldly when the wind is at your back; When the wind is in your face, trim sail and tack.

Sailor. More sailors are shipwrecked in port than on the sea.

Salt. Mix a little salt with your pepper.

His wit lacks salt.

That's good to keep—salt it down.

Sanctimonious. He wuz a sanctimoneyus "cuss";
he passed the contribution box an' stole the
money.—*Bronco Bill*.

Sarcasm. Sarcasm is a chasm that many smart
men fall into.

"Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the lan-
guage of the devil."—*Carlyle*.

Who has written more sarcasm than Carlyle?

He wuz a sarcastic "cuss"—allus spittin' pep-
per-sass.—*Broncho Bill*.

Satiety. The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the selfsame tune

Forever, and the fairest flower that gems

The garden, if it bloomed throughout the year,
Would blush unsought. The most delicious
fruits

Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,

And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change*.

Satire. Satire is all right on a satyr.

Ridicule and satire are the only pins that will
prick through the hide of some people.

Sauce. "Labor is the best sauce;" it makes tur-
nips taste like fried oysters.

Save. The alchemy that turns everything into
gold—*save*.

A single nail may save a ship.

Savings-bank. It is like a mine; it is easy to get
your money in but often hard to get it out.

A run on the bank: "I wants mein monish,"

said the Dutch depositor. "Here it is," said the teller. "You got 'im? Vell, you got 'im I no want 'im—you no got 'im I wants 'im right avay quick already."

Scandal. She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her sauce with scandal.

Science—scientist. Science is the knowledge of our ignorance.

Behold, the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And conquering science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How deep have our greatest scientists gone?
They have barely scratched the skin of the earth.

The discovery of the truth is the aim of science.

Scruples. He has too many scruples to his dram.

Sea. He goes to sea in a gig and growls at the weather.

If you will swim in the sea, look out for the sharks.

Secret—secrecy. Pat: "Biddy, I've a gra-ate sa-cret, an' Oi want a woman te help me kape it."

Never seek to know your friend's secrets and never reveal your own.

Secrets are bats—they fly in the night.

There is only one to whom you can safely trust your secrets—yourself.

Keep your secret in the ice-box or it will get you into a hot-box.

Wine spills secrets.

Secure—security. Reasonable apprehension is safer than confident security.

There is danger in too much security.
Too-sure is never secure.
He is cock-sure: take security.

Self. He knows everybody but himself.
He worships himself.
His worst enemy wears his hat.

Self-conceit. He who is full of himself is empty
of everything else.
He admires his own shadow.
Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?
There is more hope of a fool than of him.
—*Proverbs—Old Test.*

Self-conscious. Self-conscious like an old cheese
full of skippers.

Self-deception. If I am deceived I deceive my-
self.

Self-denial. Self-denial is a great virtue—in your
neighbor.
Self-denial is one corner-stone of a strong char-
acter.

Self-improvement. He who is satisfied with him-
self is past cure.

Self-interest. Our interests are centered in our-
selves.
Self-interest and charity are compatible: I know
men who give liberally to charity just to get
their names in the newspapers.

Selfishness. We hate selfishness in others because
we are selfish ourselves.
Fathom every human heart and you will find
selfishness at the bottom.

Selfishness is self-protection, and self-protection is the first law of nature.

We air all uf us shell-fish.—*Bronco Bill*.

Self-knowledge. He knows everybody but himself. Study yourself.

Self-love. Self-love is the first law of nature.

Self-made. "I am a self-made man!" roared a member of Congress.

"That fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility," replied his opponent.

Self-praise. Self-praise stinketh in the mouth.

The man praises himself because nobody else will praise him.

Self-reliance—self-respect. Self-reliance and self-respect are cardinal virtues.

If you can't rely on yourself, on whom can you rely?

If you don't respect yourself, who will respect you?

Back-bone is the best bone in your body.

Help yourself and God and men will help you.

Fortune hates *I Can't* and loves *I Will*.

Self-reliance is a firm footing and a stout staff.

Self-will. The difference between self-reliance and self-will is the difference between a wise man and a mule.

Sense—sensible. The most uncommon thing is common-sense.—*Men*.

A pint of sense is worth a peck of learning.

The only sensible thing he ever did was done by mistake.

Fill the basement with common-sense and the upper floors with learning.

Sensitive. He is more sensitive than sensible.

Sensual. Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?

Gaily for a day we tread—

Proudly with averted head—

O'er the ashes of the dead—

Blind with pride and mad with lust:

Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Sermon. The most effective sermon is to practice what you preach.

Serpent. Beware of the serpent that charms before he strikes.

The serpent in ourselves is the snake that stings us.

Servant—serve. A negligent master, a negligent servant.

He who serves himself has a good servant and a kind master.

A good master, a good servant.

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant of evil.

Shadow. When the sun is setting the shadows point to sunrise.

Without light there is no shadow.

We fight for the shadow of things.

Shaft. He bends a long bow, but his shaft is a feather.

Shakespeare. I kin quote Shakespur by the yard
Jo; har goes a few:

“The fust thing we do, let's kill all the liars.”

(Ye're off, Bill, it's “all the lawyers.” All the

same, Jo, don't butt in when I'm quotin' Scriptur. "An' when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.")

"Thar's small choice in rotten pertaters."

"A mool! a mool! my kingdom fer a mool."

"Thar's a deviltry that shapes our ends."

"Let the galled jade wince, our widers air un wrung."

"Lord, whut fools these moralists be!"

"An tew men ride on a hoss, one must ride on the hind-eend."

"All the world's a stage, an' it needs must go, fer the devil drives."

"Mine enemy's dog, an' tharby hangs a tail."

"Tu marry, this is the short an' the long uf it."

Ain't them "A hit—a very pulpable hit," Jo?

"Why, then the world's mine lobster."—*Bronco Bill*.

Sharper. When sharpeners pluck each other geese are scarce.

Sheep. If you are a sheep put on a lion-skin; if you are a lion put on a lamb-skin.

Shepherd. Trust paves the way for treachery to tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

He is a good shepherd that keeps the wolves far from his sheep-pen.

Ship. An empty ship is least able to breast the storm.

Don't ship all in one tub.

The wust ship I ever sailed in wuz a pardner-ship: me an' Jo got shipwrecked on a bunch uf ole mools.—*Bronco Bill*.

Shoemaker. "I have pegged my last," said the dying shoemaker.

"You have lost your soul," said the priest to a scoffer. "Bring 'im in and I'll peg on another," said the cobbler.

Short-cut. Most men find the short-cut by going around.

Sift. You heard the speech: sift it—sift it.
Sift out the cheat and save the wheat.

In vain kings piled the pyramids;
Their tombs were robbed by ruthless hands;
Who now shall sing their fame and deeds,
Or sift their ashes from the sands?—*Fame*.

Sight. If our fore-sight were half as good as our hind-sight we wouldn't miss the mark so often.
Yer can't see haf ez fur with yer fore-sight ez yer kin with yer hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Silence—silent. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

Silence is a hard argument to answer.
Nobody will repeat your silence.

A silent sage is like a bell without a clapper.
Beware of the man who is silent when he is angry.

His silence spoke louder than the voice of a multitude.

Keep your mouth shut. A dumb fool is often taken for a wise man.

Lay the finger-tips of silence on the shrivelled lips of time.—*Daniel*.

Silk. Vice is most dangerous in silk stockings.

Although in silk the monkey dress

He's still a monkey nevertheless.—*Spanish.*

Silver. Fish with a silver hook.

He seeks for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.—*Men.*

Flattery is silver-tongued.

Simplicity. Simplicity is true to truth and nature.

The fool and the wise man are both simple.

Sin. We sin and blame the Devil for it.

If lightning struck every one who sins, there
wouldn't be a "two-legged animal without
feathers" left on this earth.

The virus of sin is in the blood of all men.

When we sin agin Natur we pay the price.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Single. He has an eye single to the main chance.

Thet ole mare is like an ole maid: she goes single
fust rate, but she'll kick an' she'll balk ef she's
hitched with a mate.—*Bronco Bill.*

Skill—skillful. Skill rides; strength carries.

Better a skillful cobbler at his last

Than unskilled poet twangling on the lyre.—*Poetry.*

Skin. He wud skin a skunk fer the perfume.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Charity is skin-deep; self goes to the bone.

Skunk. He likes perfume who kicks a skunk.

Sky-lark. She wakened the woods with her musical words,

And the sky-lark ashamed of his voice forbore.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

The silver dawn steals in upon the dark:
Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark
And trills his welcome to the rising sun,
And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

Slander. And who escapes the tongue of calumny
May count himself an angel or a naught.—*Poetry.*

Slander is a Hydra; strike off one of its heads
and two will grow out in its place.

Slander has the scent of a hound, the eyes of a
cat and the tongue of a serpent.

If you fight slander take it by the throat.

The best shield against slander is silence.

Don't blow the coals of slander and they will
soon die out.

Slang. Avoid slang: the slang-whanger is never
a gentleman.

Boston slang—"I vow, an' I vum— I swow an' I
swum."

Slavery. If we are slaves what matters it whether
our chains be of iron or of gold.

All men are slaves: yea, some are slaves to wine,
And some to women, some to shining gold,
But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

We are still slaves to custom and fashion.

Sleep. Die sonne, he know ven he petter git oop,
mebbe; aber Ich bin no leetel bird dot poke hees
pill ouet to be cotched py die vorm. I radder
sleebe a leetel dis die preakfast pees ready.—*Hans.*

Ef yer huntin' Injuns, Jo, yer better sleep with
yer eyes open.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sloth. Sloth is always waiting and wishing.

Sloth is always waiting for something to turn up.

Slow. Go slow till you know.

Sluggard. The sluggard takes a hundred steps to-day where two would have sufficed yesterday. The diligent says "To-day;" the sluggard says "To-morrow."

Small. Don't despise small things; a flea at midnight is worse than a wolf at midday. Great things are made out of little things.

Smile. A smiler is often a beguiler.

He smiles with the smilers and weeps with the weepers.

He smiles on one side and frowns on the other.

He smiles to your face and bites at your back.

The world is a mirror: smile and it smiles; frown and it frowns.

A frozen smile is wus ner a frown.—*Bronco Bill.*

Smudge. The gnats are buzzing: smudge!

Sneak. You can tell a coyote by his sneak.

I kin stand a "hold-up," but a sneak thief is wus ner a cyote.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sneer. Half-betwixt a snicker and a sneer.

Sneer-lipped, hawk-eyed, wolf-tongued oraculars.
—*Men.*

Soar. The higher he soars the louder he squawks.

Socialism. Socialism is despotism: it crushes the individual.

Let socialism prevail and the dunce and the wise are on a dead level;

The worker and the sluggard are equal.

Democracy leads to Socialism, Socialism to Anarchy, Anarchy to hell.

Society. Society follows the bell-wether.

Fashionable society is made up of toadies, tattlers and tomnoddies.

Soil. The soil that grows nettles will grow corn.
Yer may soil yer hands in thet perairie soil, but yer'll keep yer conscience clean.—*Bronco Bill*.

Soldiers. Beheld a score of battle-fields corpse-strewn,
Blood-fertilized with ten thousand flattered fools
Who, but to please the vanity of one,
Marched on hurrahing to the doom of death.

—*An Old English Oak*.

Lo the blood-spattered bosom, the shot-shattered limb.

The hand-clutch of fear as the vision grows dim,
The half-uttered prayer and the blood-fettered breath,

The cold marble brow and the calm face of death.
O proud were these forms at the dawning of morn,

When they sprang to the call of the shrill bugle-horn:

There are mothers and wives that await them afar;

God help them! Is this, then, the glory of war?

—*The Charge of "The Black Horse."*

He is a brave soldier—in slippers and pajamas.

Solitude. He who is alone with good books has the best of company.

I love solitude with a few choice friends, a bottle of wine and a box of cigars.

Something to say. Don't make a speech unless you have something to say.

Son. The son at twenty knows more than his father at fifty.

The best patrimony you can leave to your son is a strong body, a sane mind, and plenty of hard work.

He follows his father a long way behind.

Sore. Don't prod an old sore.

Every man has his sore spot.

"Ever man hez his sore spot," they say;

I hed tew on 'em the fust time I rid a buckin' bronco.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sorrow. Sorrow is the shadow of pleasure.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.

Soul. What is the soul and whither will it fly?

We only know that matter cannot die,

But lives and lived through all eternity,

And ever turns from hoary age to youth.

And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death death? or but a happy change

From night to light on angel wings to range,

And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Of what good is a soul without a body or a body without a soul?

Sound. His voice sounds like a steam whistle in a megaphone.

His arguments are all *sound*.

Sour—sourest. He is as sour as a pickled crabapple.

Her sweetest smile would sour fresh milk.

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.

Sow. Sow good words and you will gather friends.

He sows good seed in sterile sand and trusts in God.

Sow cockle, reap cockle; sow wheat, reap wheat.

One sows, another reaps;

And still another—tolls the grain.

They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

It is easier to sow than to reap.—*After Goethe.*

Spare. The mother who has ten children has none to spare.

“Spareribs,” said a pert miss to a lean old maid.

To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.

—*After Lord Coke.*

Speak—speaker. He’s a wise man who knows when to speak, a wiser that knows when to be silent.

If you your lips would keep from slips,

Five things observe with care:

To whom you speak, of whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.—*W. E. Norris.*

Special—specialty. Concentrate all your energies on one line.

Make a specialty of success.

We are in the age of specialties: choose one good line and follow it for life.

Some men take special pains to show their ignorance.

Spectator. The spectator often sees better than the actor.

Speech. What goes in at the ear comes out at the mouth.

A soft speech may have a subtle poison.

Speech is the ripple of the rivulet; silence is the voice of the deep.

Clear thought, clear speech.

He cain't make a speech, but he cain't hold his tongue.—*Bronco Bill*.

Spend. Don't spend what you haven't got.

He has spent all his money and is now spending promises to pay.

Life is spent before we know the value of it.

Don't spend your breath blowing cold coals.

Spirits. He is full of spirits—his bottle is empty.

Spots. Spots become a leopard.

He is all right—in spots.

Squander. Eternity will not give back the hours you squander.

He toils all his life to pile up wealth for his prodigals to squander.

Stale eggs. He is like an old hen trying to hatch stale eggs.

"They are egging him on," said a wag when they rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Stand. You cannot stand still, you must go up or go down.

Take your stand and stand by it.

Star. "Follow thine own star."—*Dante*. I would, but I can't tell my star from a jack-o'-lantern.

If you trust in your star you will sup on moon-shine.

The stars never shine clear till after dark.

Stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The stars are the faces of our fathers looking
down from their hunting-grounds.—*Dakota.*

State. The state is a great corporation: we are
all stockholders: watch the directors.

The state is sick and every fool a quack
Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures,
And every pill and package labeled *Ism.*—*Men.*

Steal. He that steals for you will steal from you

Steel. When steel strikes flint then flies the fire
Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

Step. Step by step men go upward, or downward.
Step by step men climb the highest peaks.

The dead past offers us safe stepping-stones.
Precedents are "Oft-stepping-stones of tyranny
and wrong,"—*Pauline.*

Stick. Stick-to-it will do it.

Stoicism. Your bronze statue is your true stoic.

He snatched from the embers a red-hot brand,
And held it aloft in his naked hand.
He stood like a statue in bronze or stone;
Not a muscle moved and the braves looked on
—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Stomach. The stomach is the fire-box of the body
—it runs the machine.

Stop. Few men know when to begin or when to
stop.

Storm. A storm occasionally is better than a dead
calm.

In a storm the tallest trees fall first.
Turn your back to the storm.

Story. Don't make a short story long.
History is too often his story.
Every tale an' true his-story allus hez tew sides
onter it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Stout. Stout legs to a steep hill.
Strong arm and stout heart.

Strength. Brains are better than brawn.
A woman's strength lies in her weakness.
There is strength in "I will."
Let not your strength become your weakness.
Few men are strong enough to lift themselves
by their own boot-straps.

Strut. In his own conscious insignificance he
struts.
He struts and gabbles like a turkey-cock in a
hen-yard.

Study. Man's blood and brawn demand a change
of food;
His mind as well.—*Change.*

The blush of sunrise found me at my books;
The midnight cock-crow caught me reading still
—*Pauline*

Learn to study and study to learn.
Study what you read—think.

Stumble. He stumbles at a straw.
A careless man stubs his toes on many a stum-
bling-block.

Style. There can be no clear expression without
clear thought.

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
 In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same;
 What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
 What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry*.

Thought is the body, style the dress.
 High heels may be the style, but I don't want tu
 cultivate no corn on my toes.—*Bronco Bill*.

Sublime. It is but one step from the sublime to
 the ridiculous and the gentleman took it with
 both feet. Author's letter: St. Paul Globe,
 1883.

Submission. All my prayers are one:
 "Father, thy will be done."

Subtlety. Subtlety deceives itself.

Success. Success is often the worst of failures.

Deserve success and then command it.

We estimate men by their success, not by their
 deserts.

Prudence, patience, perseverance, command suc-
 cess.

Study When, Where and How.

Everybody is a friend of success.

Success makes treason patriotism.

The man who sits down on the road to success
 and waits for a free ride will get left.

One success is a step toward another.

Remember your failures are your stepping-
 stones to success.

His success was his ruin.

Sucker. Suckers are plenty in any pond.

Suffering. He who suffers learns to pity.

Sugar. Put sugar in your vinegar.

Sugar on the tongue, money in the till.

Suicide. The suicide is either a coward or a lunatic.

Sun. Midge-midgets on this grain of sand
That rolls around our lesser sun
Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*A Message.*
The sun is the electric light-and-power-plant of
our solar system.
Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Sunday. He prays on his knees, sir, on Sunday,
And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.
Ole mother Natur works every day in the week:
She don't stop tu pray pra'rs an' sing sams on
Sunday.—*Bronco Bull.*

Superlative. He deals in superlatives and always
caps the climax.
Among asses he is the superlative jack.

Superstition. Superstition is the religion of ignorance.—*Burke.*

Old Superstition, mother of cruel creeds,
O'er all the earth hath sown her dragon teeth:
Lo centuries on centuries the seeds
Grew rank and from them all the haggard breed
Of Hate and Fear and Hell and cruel Death.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ah, ignorance and fear go hand in hand,
Twin-born and broadcast scatter hate and
thorns;
They people earth with ghosts and hell with
horns,
And sear the eyes of men with burning brand.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

But superstition is a monster still,

An Hydra we may scotch, but hardly kill;
 For if with sword of truth we lop a head,
 How soon another groweth in its stead.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Men have been learning error age on age,
 And superstition is their heritage,
 Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son
 Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
 Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
 How hard it is for mortals to discern
 The truth that preaches from the silent stones,
 The silent hills, the silent universe,
 While error cries in sanctimonious tones
 That all the light of life and God is hers!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

But still 'twere wrong to speak but in abuse,
 For priests and popes have had and have their
 use.

Yea, Superstition since the world began
 Hath been a magic wand to govern man:
 For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
 To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Superstructure. The builder who builds the super-
 structure is as worthy as he who lays the foun-
 dation.

Don't try to build the top story first.

Sure-cure. The sure-cure for most ills is work.
 The state is sick and every fool a quack
 Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures,
 And every pill and package labelled *Ism.*—*Men.*

Sure. The slow and sure overtake the swift.

The sure road is the short cut.

Be sure of your aim before you pull the trigger.

He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-lofts need tenants.

Surface. Chaff and straw float on the surface, the wheat is at the bottom.

The froth is on top, the beer at the bottom.

Suspicion. When suspicion creeps in at the back door Confidence walks out at the front.

A woman who is prone to suspicion is rarely virtuous.

When men speak ill of us we should suspect ourselves, when they praise us we should suspect them.

Suspicion will pierce even the triple mail of wisdom.

Swallow. "One swallow doesn't make it summer"?
—that depends on the liquor.

Sweet—sweetest. He deserves not the sweet who will not sweat for it.

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.

Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish for the sweet.

Sword. Yea, into plow-shares may these brothers beat

Their swords and into pruning-hooks their spears.

—*After the Battle of Gettysburg.*

They first took the sword and they fall by the sword.—*The Old Flag.*

Sympathy. Sympathy divides sorrow.

Symptoms. In morals, as in medicine, we doctor the symptoms.

T

Tact. Talents for a team and tact for a driver.

Tact teaches when to talk, what to say, and when to be silent.

Tact and talent make a strong team.

Tail. Don't be the tail of any kite.

If you can't be at the head don't be at the tail.

Tale. Your tale is too long, Jo; cut it off.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He paints his tale red.

Talent. Men lack purpose and persistence more than talent.

Tact and talent make a strong team.

You can't hide your lack of talent "under a bushel."

One has a talent for poetry, another for mending shoes, and as a rule, both are cobblers.

Talk—talker. A fool cuts his throat with his tongue.

A long tongue rattles in an empty head.

There is no music so sweet to an ass as his own bray.

His talk is a synopsis of himself.

He talks all day and says nothing.

He who talks too much maketh himself cheap.

—*After Bacon.*

Ef yer hain't got nuthin' tu say don't say nuthin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He who talks too much hears little.

Who talks much says little.

Do-much talks little.

As a rule he who talks most says the least.

Tantalize. She would tantalize a statue.

Taste. "There is good 'taste' for you, Seward," said Lincoln, as they passed an old "darkey" munching a water-melon.

He has a very refined taste—for clabber and garlic.

Tattle—tattler. Who tattles to you will tattle about you.

She's one uf them teatotal tea-tattlers.—*Bronco Bill.*

Taxes. Let vices and luxuries pay the taxes.

The "single-tax" advocate is a man of a single idea.

Monarchies tax the poor to support the rich; republics tax the rich to support the poor.

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them.

These reformers reform the city with an army of tax-eaters.

The politicians "grind their axes" on the taxes.

Teaching. He who teaches himself has the best teacher.

Training is the best teaching.

Tears. A woman's weapon is her tears.

With her tears she vanquished a whole brigade.

A few drops of salt water frum a woman's eyes

'll win the verdict uf a petty jury 'gin law an' evidence.—*Bronco Bill.*

Teeth. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

He hain't shed his gorilla teeth an' wolf ears yit.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Temper. Cultivate good temper; it is like dew and sunshine in your garden.

Brave men are good tempered.
 Put a bridle on your temper lest it put a halter
 on you.
 Temper your temper in sweet-oil.

Temptation. Where there is no temptation there
 is no proof of virtue.
 Turn your back on temptation and it will tug at
 your coat-tail.
 A strong man laughs at temptation, a weak man in-
 vites it.

"Tenderfoot." "Don't kick against the pricks;" let
 some other "tenderfoot" try it.
 He's a "tenderfoot" from Texas.

Thanks. Thanks are good, but they won't buy
 bread.
 "Thank yer," 'll du fer cold lunch, but it's a durn
 pore dinner.—*Bronco Bill*.

Theories. It is easier to plan than perform.
 Test theory by practice.
 A theoretical fact is often mere illusion.
 He who follows theories will often bump his head
 against solid facts.
 Theories lead to tests and tests lead to truth.
 What theory proves, experience often disproves.
 "He's a theoretical cuss;—he's goin' tu the moon
 in a balloon.—*Bronco Bill*.

They say. "They-say" is a gabbler.
 They-say is her-say.

Thief. A little thief goes to prison, a big thief
 goes to Congress.
 He that steals for you will steal from you.
 Republics breed thieves.

Think. Think twice before you speak and thrice
before you write.

Think and read and read and think.

Think all you say, but don't say all you think.

Thinker. "God let loose a thinker on this planet,"
when Shakespeare was born.

Let the thinker guide the toiler.

A man without a "thinker" wouldn't make a
decent tinker.

Thorns. Don't tread on thorns barefoot.

If you handle thorns put on gloves.

Wisdom grows on thorns.

Thought. You may read all your life and never
learn anything unless you learn to think.

Our thoughts may be good yet produce no fruit.

"I thought so" is often mistaken.

"Things breed thoughts"—(*Tupper*)—and thoughts
breed things.

Thorough. Whatever you do—do thoroughly.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

Don't stop half-way: work to the end.

Threat. He who threatens his enemy puts him on
his guard.

Bite first and bark afterwards.

The thunder threatens, but the lightning strikes.

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,

But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Don't threaten before you strike.

Thrift. Thrift beats swift.

Tickle. Tickle me now and I'll tickle you to-
morrow.

Tide. When the tide comes in, come in on it:
When the tide goes out, look out.

Tiger. Pull his teeth and clip his claws and the
tiger mews as meek as a kitten.
Don't "buck the tiger" unless yer a lion.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Time. Time is the eternal *Now*.

The sands of time are sands of gold.

Time is the teacher of teachers.

When it is time to strike, strike hard.

You are tethered to one point in Time.

To-day, to-morrow, yesterday are one—

One in the cycle of eternal time

That hath beginning none, nor any end.—*Men.*

How time gits away with our har, ole Jo!

Jist think uf it—twent—*thutty* years ago.

—*Bronco Bill—Cow Boy Ballads.*

You can't "kill time"; you can waste it.

Time starts nowhere, stops nowhere, and runs
forever at the same pace.

The wings of Time are swifter than the feet of
men.

He spends his time whining that he hasn't time.

Time is a great teacher—after you've gone and
done it.

The observer who studies in the school of Time
learns much.

"Times." He is peevish who praises by-gone times
and sees no good in our own.

Keep up with the "times"; don't lag behind like
a lubber.

"Many times and oft" Nature gives her warning.

Titles. Vanity parts his name in the middle and
puts a handle on the front end.

He is descended from the royal house of Stewards.

She sells herself and her fortune for a title and a puppy.

Titles earned are honors. Titles inherited are often a reproach to the forefathers.

If you haven't earned a title don't wear it.

Toad. Better be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big puddle.

He isn't a toad, but he is a toady.

Toady. He wears a polliwog coat and toadies to the "Four Hundred."

I would rather sit in the smoke of my own cabin than be a toady in the palace of a King.

When you are going uphill Toady is ready to boost, when you are going down Toady will give you a kick.

Tobacco. Tobacco is a great blessin'; it kills cow-lice, an' ether vermin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Tobacco kills chicken-lice and a lot of "two-legged animals without feathers."

The tobacco habit is best cured by never beginning it.

Tobacco—the Devil planted tobacco.

No gentleman chews tobacco.

Alas, when Columbus discovered America he discovered tobacco.

Sir Walter Raleigh took from America to Ireland a blessing and a curse—the potato and tobacco.

To-day. Ten minutes to-day are worth an hour to-morrow.

Do it to-day.

We lose to-day waiting for to-morrow.

The diligent says, "To-day"; the sluggard says,
"To-morrow."

Better a dollar to-day than a promise of two
to-morrow.

Toil—toiler. A goodly recompense

Comes from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Labor is the lot of mortal man,

Ordaigned by God since human time began.—*Poetry.*

They toil most who do nothing.

Let the thinker guide the toiler.

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

Tolerance. Tolerance is a gret virtue in t'other
feller.—*Bronco Bill.*

To-morrow. To-morrow; to-morrow is the song of
the idle.—(After Weisse.)

"To-morrow I made my fortune," cries the fool,

"To-day I'll spend it."—*Men.*

To-morrow is the first day in the fool's calendar.

One hour to-day is worth a week to-morrow.

To-morrow?—it is alway *to-day*.

Tongue. There are many men who might govern
multitudes if they could only govern their own
tongues.

A prudent man is tongue-tied.

You can't control the tongue of others, but you
can do better—you can control your own.

If you can't hold your temper, hold your tongue.

Many a man has cut his throat with his tongue.

Put a bridle on your tongue, or it will put a
halter on you.

The sting of an evil tongue is worse than the
sting of an asp.

Your tongue runs away with your wit.
The tongue is an index to the man.
I don't like raw tongue in a woman's mouth. I
like tongue, but I want it biled er pickled.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Too Much. Enough is often too much.
Yer kin git tu much uf anythin' but common sense.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Tools. The man who drops his tools where he
uses them is the poorest tool on the ranch.
Language is only a tool.
The most wonderful tool is the human hand.

Top. It is hard to get to the top; you can slide to
the bottom.
Don't try to build the top-story first.
It is better to begin at the bottom and work up
than to begin at the top and work down.
It is easier to get on top than to stay there.
If it were as easy to slide up-hill as it is to slide
down-hill, we would all be at the top.
"Yer orter be a house-painter," said Bronco Bill to
"the tallest man in Montana"; yer cud paint the
top-story 'thout a ladder."

Trade. Let the cobbler stick to his last, the farmer
to his plow, the preacher to his pulpit, the doc-
tor to his pills, and the devil to his imps.
Buy of the needy and sell to the rich.
Better a skillful cobbler at his last
Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre.
—*Poetry.*

Trade the ole hoss fer a young 'un, an' git suth-
in' ter boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don't trade your honor for office.

A Indiana circuit rider kin beat a "Posey county long-legs" on a hoss-trade.—*Bronco Bill*.

Tragedy. He's a great actor; he tears tragedy into tatters.

Tragedy?—The world is full of it.

Training. Training is the best teacher.

Trap. He sets a trap for others and puts his own foot in it.

You can't fool a fox twice into the same trap.

Don't try to trap a fox with turnips.

Travel—traveller. Travel your own country first.

If you would gain knowledge by travelling, study the country and the people as you go.

Travellers find many hotels and few friends.

Treachery. Of all the vices of human nature treachery is the worst.

Trust paves the way for Treachery to tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Tree. Wisdom plants trees. Folly hacks them with his little hatchet.

He that plants trees for the future is a patriot.

Don't transplant an old tree.—*Arab Proverb*.

A family-tree—ape to Adam—Adam to ape.

Trial. Paul, O Paul, forgive and be forgiven;

Earth is all trial; there is peace in heaven.—*Pauline*.

It is a weak virtue that cannot stand the test of trial.

Trial is the test of all things.

Try men before you trust them.

Tribute. We all pay tribute to success.

"Pay unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." Yes,
but what right has Caesar to demand tribute?

Trickster. The trickster tricks himself.

Trifles. There are no trifles in this world.

Two atoms of cosmic dust unite, cohere,
And lo the building of a world begun.—*Change.*

Life is made up of trifles; take heed to the trifles.
When a hound is chasing a stag he doesn't stop
to bite fleas.

Trifles and rifles won the day at Waterloo.

We are all trifles and triflers.

We trifle with Time, but Time doesn't trifle with
us.

Don't trifle with trifles.

Triumph. Through love and labor, triumph.

We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mis-
takes.

Work and wait:

Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;

Work will triumph soon or late:

Work and wait.

He sings his triumph before the battle begins.

Trouble. Boil and bubble, bubble and boil—

Toil and trouble, trouble and toil.

The troubles that never come worry us most.

It is easy to double your trouble.

He who has no trouble of his own will borrow
some.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;

Two things stand like stone:

Kindness in another's trouble,

Courage in our own.—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

. Troubles are stumbling-blocks to the weak and stepping-stones to the strong.

Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Trout. Better one trout on the hook than ten in the brook.

True. Behold the brute's unerring instinct guides True as the pole-star.—*Men.*

Forget?—and yet—can I forget

That one was false and one was true?

Although true, be cautious about stating what appears to be false.

Ivery cratur is true tu natur.—*Bronco Bill.*

"It is true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't believe it."

Trust. He who trusts everybody, will cheat himself.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The greatest trust in America is the U. S. government.

Trust nothing; try everything.

"We trust the people," says the man who sells on the "installment plan."

"But we don't trust you," say prudent people.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Trust Providence, but look to your collaterals.

Trust is a dear shop to trade at.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.—(After Goethe.)

"Trust in Providence," said the Preacher. "I kin du better fer cash." said the deaf old lady.

Truth. Truth is the daughter of time and the mother of science.

Truth is always an oracle.
To him fiction is a familiar friend, and truth a stranger.
Beware of the truth that covers a lie.
Between true friends truth—nothing but truth.
One truth fits all other truths; a lie fits nothing.
The naked truth needs no cloak.
If it is the truth what matter who says it?
Truth always has the ring of the true metal.
Truth can go naked; falsehood needs fine clothes.

There is no religion higher than the truth:
Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.
Above all cant, all arguments of men,
Above all superstitions, old or new,
Above all creeds of every age and clime,
Stands the eternal Truth—the creed of creeds.
—*Men.*

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And stubborn science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Truth, like a diamond, ever loves the light.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

God's right arm of Truth prevails in every field.
How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
How hard it is for mortals to discern
The truth that preaches from the silent stones,
The silent hills, the silent universe,
While error cries in sanctimonious tones
That all the light of life and God is hers.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands
years?

Groping among the shadows of the night,
Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,
Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,
Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—
Sun-touched by Truth, awakes and rubs his eyes.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

'Tis easier to believe
An old-time fiction than to wear a tooth
In gnawing bones to reach the marrow Truth.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.
Let virtue be our helmet and our shield,
And Truth our weapon, weapon sharp and strong
And deadly to all error and all wrong.
The plainest truths are the prettiest.
Truth never grows old, but a lie soon loses its
teeth.

Let truth be your weapon and virtue your shield.
There is gold in all metals and truth in all
creeds.

Don't try to warp the truth to fit you; fit your-
self to the truth.

In all things truth is the climax.

Truth and good are one.

If you have a mouth full of truth, think twice
before you open it.

A half truth is a whole lie.

A lie is dangerous when it creeps under the
cloak of truth.

You can't help truth with a lie.

It is the truth that hurts.

Truth needs no armor but her naked breast.

Truth is due to the living and the dead.

Truth needs no ornament; she herself is a diamond.

Truth, like the sun, is sometimes under a cloud.
To detect error start with the truth.

In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.

Try. If one door is shut try another.

If one fish won't take the bait another will.

"Try" and "Stick-to-it" will bore a hole through a mountain.

Turkey-cock. He struts and gobbles like a turkey-cock in a hen-yard.

He looked like a turkey-cock on horseback.

Tyranny. The olden precedents,

Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.

—*Pauline.*

Tyranny is tyranny whether in one man or a mob.

Tyrant. A tyrant is always a coward.

The worst of all tyrants is the mob.

U

Understand. It is folly to approve what you do not understand.

Unexpected. Prepare for the unexpected.

Union. All for each—each for all.

Unit. Moments are the units of eternity.

Atoms are the units of the universe.

In the vast universe man is but an infinitesimal unit.

It takes two to make one.

It takes more than a million decimals to make one unit.

Unity. Lo all-pervading Unity is His;
 Lo all-pervading Unity is He;
 One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,
 In every star through heaven's immensity,
 And God in all things breathes, in all things is.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Universe. Hope and trust:
 All life springs from out the dust:
 Ah, we measure God by man,
 Looking forward but a span
 On his wondrous, boundless plan;
 All his ways are wise and just:
 Hope and trust.
 Hope and trust:
 Hope will blossom from the dust;
 Love is queen; God's throne is hers;
 His great heart with loving force
 Throbs throughout the Universe:
 We are His and He is just:
 Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Measure the ocean in a drinking cup?
 Measure Eternity by the town-clock?
 Nay, with a yard-stick measure the Universe?
 Measure for measure measure God by man?—*Men.*

God's perfect order rules the vast expanse,
 And love is queen and all the realms are hers;
 But strike one sun-star from the Universe
 And all is chaos and unbridled chance.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

The earth is but a grain of sand—
 An atom in a shoreless sea;
 A million worlds lie in God's hand—
 Yea, myriad millions—what are we?—*Fame.*

Star on star,
System on system, myriad worlds on worlds,
Beyond the utmost reach or mortal ken,
Beyond the utmost flight of mortal dream.—*Beyond.*

What you know is a grain of sand; what you
don't know is the universe.
In the entire universe the least is a part of all.
The universe is a circle without circumference.

Unknown. We always magnify the unknown.
Don't spend your life seeking the unknowable:
make bread out of the known.

Unlearn. How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Up-hill. On an up-hill road with a big load the
patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.
If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-
hill we would all be at the top.

Up-stream. It is easier to float down-stream than
to paddle up-stream.

Useful. The useful is always beautiful.
What is not useful to-day may be useful to-
morrow.
In the whole universe there is nothing in vain—
nothing without its use.

V

Vacant—vacuity. He has a cranium full of vacu-
ity.
His upper story is to let.
He is the picture of a vacuum.

Valor. He who faces every duty like a man is brave enough.

Valor is a whole battalion.

"The better part of valor is discreeshin," said the Cunnel when he hid in the bresh.—*Bronco Bill*.

Value. Compel the world to value you at what you are worth.

In the long run most men are reckoned at their true value.

Vanity. Vanity is an expensive luxury.

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of want.

Vanity is a disease: most people catch it.

It is vanity to disclaim vanity.

Vanity is the fool's glory.

Every man has a streak of vanity.

The vanity of the rich is a blessing to the poor.

Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.

Variety. The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self-same tune

Forever.

Change is the order of the Universe.—*Change*.

Verbosity. All sound and no sense.

In the chaff of verbosity you will find few grains of sense.

Full of verbosity he teaches "Theosophy"

In a muddle of mush, and calls it Philosophy.

He would talk the hind legs off a hobby-horse.

Vice. All vices are blood relatives.

No vice, no virtue: no evil, no good.

Vice is ketchin': yer kin ketch a vice easier thun yer kin cure it.—*Bronco Bill*.

We carry two burdens—our own vices and the vices of our progenitors.

Never open the door to a little vice lest a greater sneak in.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.

Look out for vice in rouge and red petticoats.

At the tap-root of every vice is a virtue.

Vice leads to crime.

You can't cure one vice by taking on another.

Men's vices are only virtues run wild.

Vice assumes a garment of virtue if it is only a fig-leaf.

The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of others.

Victory. He has won a great victory who conquers himself.

"To the victors belong the spoils," but the "spoils" spoil the victors.

Vigilance. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of success.

That watch-dog is a vigilance-committee of one.

Villain. The cunning villain glitters in his eyes.

Vinegar. He carries a vinegar visage that would sour sauerkraut.

Violence. Where violence begins, reason ends.

Virtue. Negative virtues are good; positive virtues are better.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
 And Truth our weapon—weapon sharp and strong,
 And deadly to all error and all wrong.
 Golden darts will pierce even virtue's shield.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Virtue is a safe helmet and a sure shield.
 All virtues are one.
 Virtue is its own reward:—many people think
 it's poor pay.
 Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.
 A cracked cup is easily broken.
 Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.
 At the root of every vice is a virtue.
 Vice assumes a garment of virtue, if it is only a
 fig-leaf.
 Men are prone to remember your faults and for-
 get your virtues.
 Virtue is betrayed by weakness oftener than by
 vice.

Vixen. The vixen never comes to kiss unless she
 means to bite.

Voice. The voices of the hoar and hurrying years
 Cry from the silence—"Change, perpetual Change."
—*Change.*

The hoarse, low voice of the years croaks on for-
 ever and aye.
 Change! Change! Change!—*Daniel.*
 He has a voice like a brass band.
 He can out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.

Vows. A sailor's vow—forgotten as soon as the
 storm is over.
 Marriage vows air like "swarin' off" on the fust uf
 January.—*Bronco Bill.*

Vulgarity. Ignorance breeds vulgarity, and vulgarity breeds contempt.

W

Wag. A wag is at the tail-end of wit.

"My fawning dog," the sage satanic said,
"Wags not his tail for me, but for my bread."

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

King Drone, flat fool that weather-cocked all
winds;

Gulped gall and vinegar and smacked it wine;

Wig-wagged his way from gilded *Ceû de Bœuf*

Through mob and maelstrom to the guillotine.

—*Men.*

Wag-jaw is a wise fellow.

Waiting. He is wise who knows how and when to
wait.

Watch and wait.

Don't wait for something to turn up; go at it
and turn it up.

Want. Man's real wants how simple and how few.

—*Men.*

He is the least in want who wants the least.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

"We want but little here below nor want that
little long," said the monkey when the dog bit
off his tail.

See man the picture of perpetual want,

The prototype of all disquietude;

Full of trouble, yet ever seeking more.

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land, and he demands the sea;

Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.
 Doomed by his fate to scorn the good he has,
 And grasp at fancied good beyond his reach,
 He seeks for silver in the distant hills,
 While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.—*Men.*

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of
 want.

Want less and you'll have more.

War. War is a dog-fight; the bull-dog wins.

War is an arena where it is easier to find a grave
 than a monument.

War is the battle of beasts and the feast of vul-
 tures.

Waste. Waste nothing; all things have their use;
 God has created nothing in vain.

“Dot ish all right, mebbe. I dink so nieder;
 aber vot for Gott mak dot leetel tam—vot you
 call 'im?—mit die long pill und dot leetel
 puzz?”—*Max.*

Don't waste your breath on cold coals.

Don't waste time on trifles.

The worst waste is the waste of time.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for
 a lost penny.

Watch—watchfulness. Watch and wait.

Watch the watchman.

Set a watch on the watcher.

Watch a silent dog.

Watch-word. The watch-word is “Forward.”

Water. He writes on the water and paints on the
 wind.

I s'pose worter wud du tu drink ef yer cud strain
 the micrabs outer it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wax and wane. The law of wax-and-wane pervades the Universe.

Way of the World. It is the way of the world to hang a man first and try him afterwards.

Weak. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

Weakness. The weakest spot in most men is where they fancy themselves the strongest.

A woman's strength lies in her weakness.

Search out and mend thine infirmities and thy virtues will take care of themselves.

No man is perfect: every man has his weak spot.

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Wealth. Wealth in the hands of the unwise creates more wants than it supplies.

One little grain of wheat has benefited man more than all the diamonds dug from the earth since the days of Adam.

The multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a loaf of bullion.

Wealth unemployed is a useless burden.

Who accumulates wealth accumulates care.

We carp at wealth, like the fox that couldn't reach the grapes.

Diogenes lived in a tub because he couldn't afford a cabin.

We affect to despise wealth and wear our soles (souls) out running after it.

We curse Cræsus, because he won't divide.

"Jim Hill is a robber!" cried the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," replied Hill.

Great wealth is great poverty.

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant of evil.

Pat said: "Wan bottle av 'Auld Oirish Tay' 'll make a mon a millionaire."

Weather-cock. The higher you elevate a weather-cock the easier he turns to the breeze.

Wed—wedlock. The "outs" want in, and the "ins" want out.

Weed. Weeds and flowers grow in the same garden.

All our cultivated vegetables were once weeds.
Weed out your faults and cultivate your virtues.
We can tolerate a few weeds in a good garden.
The rankest weed has some use; nothing is made in vain.

I guess thar's sum pertaters in thet patch, but yer got ter pull a darn lot uf weeds ter find em.—*Bronco Bill.*

Kill the weeds when young.

It takes a hard frost to kill weeds.

Where weeds grow corn will grow.

Weel. He's a chiel o' the Deil—he's a ne'er-do-weel.

Welcome. Baked potatoes and welcome make a feast.

Well-doing. Whatever you do, do it well.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—*Chesterfield.*

Well-done. If you want it well-done do it yourself.

When. Few men know when to begin and when to stop.

Where. "Where have you been, Pat?" "Oi dunno whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git thar."

Whim. The whim of youth may become the habit of age.

Whiskey. Thet Salt Lake whiskey, Jim, is dam-nashin distilled by the devil.—*Bronco Bill.*

Whisper. I hear the whispers of the Universe.
So whispering courage to my timid heart.—*Pauline.*
I hear the low, hushed whispers of the dead.
His whisper sounds like a megaphone.

Whistle. He thinks his whistle is a bugle call.
"Why did you whistle?" said the teacher. "I didn't do it," said Johnnie, "it whistled itself."

White. A white man's ez good ez a nigger, ef he on'y behaves his-self.—*Bronco Bill.*

Why. Wherefore? Look out upon the babbling world—

Fools clamoring at the heels of clamorous fools!
I hungered for the sapless husks of fame.

—*O Let Me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago.*

The eternal *Why.*

Wickedness. Wickedness breeds wickedness.
He is wicked who is cruel to God's creatures—
man or beast.

Widow. "Bevare of the vidder"; she wears weeds for her dead husband and sighs for another.
Thar ain't no dew-drop kin dry quicker nur a wider's tears.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wife. A frugal wife is better than a big income.
The woman that goes far for a husband has need of a mantle of charity.

A termagant wife is like a horse-fiddle in a sanctuary.

Seven times out of ten the wife is what the husband makes her.

A wife dutiful is a wife beautiful.

The good wife commands her husband by obeying him.

Men choose a tree for its fruit, a wife for her beauty.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!

Now she's at rest, and so am I.—Dryden in "Suggested Epitaph."

Wild. She's a little wild? there's time a-plenty;

She'll be tame enough at ten and twenty.

Gamins—see the animal run wild.

It is not far back to the time when our forefathers were wild animals.

Will. All my prayers are one:

Father, thy will be done.

Will without reason is a balky horse,

He has a forty-horse will-power and no engineer.

If you will, you can.

Willing. The willing mule balks at last.

Wills. Execute your own will.

Win. Watch out and win out.

When you begin go in to win.

Wind. A drop of wisdom in a bag of wind.

He has bellows enough to drive a wind-mill.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"I tank not. I tank Gut he demper ze leetel sheep to ze wind."—*Ole Olson.*

A wind-bag with a tin horn in it.

See mangy curs, whose editorial ears

Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze,
Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily food.—*Men*

Wine. Wine is a great tattler.

When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.

—*The Devil and the Monk*

Wine and wenches bury men in trenches.

To shake a little Shakespeare in the wine:

Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Wine spills secrets.

Wine wisely used is a friend; to excess, an
enemy.

Wings. Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light—on angel wings to range?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

All wings and no feet.

He flopped his wings an' fluttened his tail-feath-
ers an' squawked a spread eagle speech.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Winter. A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

"Lo I blow my breath," said Winter,

"And the laughing brooks are silent:

"Hard as flint become the waters,

And the rabbit runs upon them."—*The Sea-Gull.*

Waziya came down from the north, from the
land of perpetual winter:

From his frost-covered beard issued forth the
sharp-biting, shrill-whistling North-wind;

At the touch of his breath the wide earth turned
to stone and the lakes and the rivers.—*Winona.*

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Wisdom. Wisdom and goodness go hand in hand.
Wisdom feeds on folly.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.
He who discovers that he is a fool has found
the right road to wisdom.

Confession of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom.

Wisdom grows on thorns.

One gathers the nuts, another cracks them.

The wisdom of most men is too early or too late.

He is a wise man who knows his own ignorance.

A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

The wise man gathers wisdom from all men,

As bees their honey hive from plant and weed.

Yea, from the varied history of the world,

From the experience of all times, all men,

The wise man learneth wisdom.—*Men.*

Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—

Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit

Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,

Gabbled in Greece and riddled in old Rome,

And never coin a farthing of their own.—*Men.*

Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—

Who love to leave the lamp-lit path behind,

And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.—*Men.*

Folly sows broadcast: wisdom gathers in.—*Men.*

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

For ages have the learned of the schools

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Weak men chew the cud of bitterness, wise men
eschew it.

The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive than the wisdom of a fool.

He whom wisdom guides walks safely.

Wit and Wisdom—pepper and salt.

You can spin even wisdom too fine for the masses.

Wise. A wise man sometimes changes his mind, a fool never.

A wise man begins at the beginning, a fool, at the end.

The wisest men are sometimes foolish.

A wise man never speaks unless he has something to say.

A wise man is never ashamed to confess his ignorance.

The wise head bends like a ripe ear of corn.

A wise man may learn much from a fool.

An ass looks wise to an ass.

A wise man is always a good listener.

Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.

The wise seek the services of the wise.

Wishes. The wish of to-day is the spur of to-morrow.

Wishes won't make pertaters grow unless yer plant 'em an' hoe 'em.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wit. Let not malice sharpen thy wit.

His tongue runs away with his wit.

Wit is the wine of life.

Wit without wisdom is a dangerous weapon.

All wit and no wisdom is sauce without meat.

Wit is a keen weapon in the hands of a wit, and a boomerang in the hands of a dullard.

Wit and wisdom are sword and shield.

Wit without wisdom is lime without sand.

He "wags" the tail-end of wit.

When a wit sits at the dinner table the sauce is
better than the meat.

Mix a little salt with your pepper.

Put sugar in your vinegar.

Wit and wisdom combined make a strong man.

When wine goes in wit comes out.

Better fore-wit than after-wit.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

Wolf. Grown fat and arrogant on power and pelf,
The old time shepherd has become a wolf,
And only feeds his flock to feast himself.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

When you hear a wolf let the dogs loose.

I had rather eat a wolf than have a wolf eat me.

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Woman. I like a she-woman and a he-man.

The strength of a woman is in her weakness.

Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool
of a man.

Man cannot dispense with woman; he couldn't
be born without her.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly"

She'll put both feet in willy-nolly.

Woman is the weaker vessel, but she often
breaks her husband.

The society of ladies is the school of good man-
ners.

A woman may lose her diamonds a dozen times,
her chastity but once.

Woman in public is an actress on the stage;
study her behind the curtain.

There is no devil like a she-devil.

A prudent woman is, betimes, deaf, dumb and
blind.

Woman brings to man his greatest blessing and his greatest plague.—*Euripides*.

Petticoat-patriots, *sans bas* and *sans culottes*,
Rampant in rags and hunger-toothed, uproar
Paris the proud.—*Men*.

Women suspect each other because they know each other.

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman.

There is nobody so intolerable as a woman promoted by sudden wealth from a wash-tub to a drawing-room.

A woman's head is in her heart.

Honor the woman who mends her husband's stockings.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling woman.

A woman's weapon is her tears.

Women take pride in what is on them rather than what is in them.

Woman Suffrage. His wife hez gone intu pollytics, an' he hez tu swing the dish-rag an' tend the butt-end uf the baby.—*Bronco Bill*.

Did the women turn out and vote in your precinct, Pat? "Ivery mon av 'em," said Pat.

Wool. He pulls the wool over his own eyes.
"All Wool": it uster grow on sheep, but most uf it grows on cotton-bresh now-a-days.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Words. The wise weigh words; fools measure them by the yard.

Words are flowers, deeds are fruit.
Fair words are pap for fools.

"I am a mon of few words," said Mike.

"Thrue indade," said Pat, "but ye spake 'em te iverybody."

Bind an honest man with his word, a knave with a log-chain.

Weigh thy words: thy words will weigh thee.

Big words, little deeds.

Deeds are more eloquent than words.

Words are clumsy wings for burning thoughts.

Word o' mouth is slippery: let it be writ.

Work. Work hard and think harder.

Workmen are plenty, but the masters few.—*Poetry.*

Genius is patience, labor and good sense.

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust. A goodly recompense

Comes from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf

To shining silk; the lapidary's skill

Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will

And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.—*Poetry.*

Work wins.

The hardest work a man can do is doing nothing.

Work makes the workman.

Good work requires good tools.

You can't afford to work for nothing and board yourself.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Work and wait;

Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;

Work will triumph soon or late;

Work and wait.

There is always plenty of work to be done; the difficulty is to find willing men fit for the work.

There is no work so tiresome as doing nothing.
Work strengthens, worry kills.
The sure cure for most ills is work.
Our work is never done till we are done.
It is the duty of society to furnish work for the
willing and needy.

World. The beginning of the world was the union
of two atoms of cosmic dust.
The world is entering the twilight of dawn.
We must take the world as we find it and im-
prove it if we can.
Let's make the most of this world; no flyin'-ma-
chine, so far, kin take us tu anether.—*Bronco Bill.*

The world is a combination of contraries.
The man who said, "One-half the world does not
know how the other half lives," didn't live in
a country village.
The world is like a mirror; smile and it smiles,
frown and it frowns.
If we despise the world, the world will despise
us.
Let the world wag: it will wag anyway.

Worm. The reef that wrecked the battle-ship was
the work of little worms.
The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched
sand,
What knows he of the huge, round, rolling
Earth?
Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond.
—*Beyond.*

Worry. Work strengthens, worry kills.

Worse. No man is the worse for knowing the
worst.

"It might a-been worse," said the widow when her husband was hanged.

Worship. He who worships himself worships a wooden calf.

Most men worship the Golden Calf.

Wretched. The way to make yourself wretched is to fancy that you are wretched.

Write. I had rather write one word upon the Rock Of Ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*

Say little, write less.

It gin 'im the "blues" an' he tackled the Muse,
An' he tuk a pen an' writ.—*Bronco Bill.*

Writing. There is sweeter poetry in the hearts of men

Than ever poet wrote or minstrel sung.—*Poetry.*

The only word written by Jesus

Was *Charity*—writ in the sand.—*Charity.*

Wrong. When we are on the wrong road the further we go the further we fall behind.

He who wrongs you will never forgive you for it.

If you wrong another you wrong yourself.

Let there be no room in thy heart for the memory of a wrong.

Y

Year. The years of God are one.

Yesterday. The eternal yesterday is yours; study it.

Young. Be old when you are young and you will be young when you are old.

Kill the weeds when the weeds are young.

Your own. There is no fruit so sweet as that from
your own planting.

If you don't blow your own horn nobody will
blow it for you.

Better baked beans in your own house, than
roast turkey in another's.

Plant your own field first.

Yourself. Fear no man but yourself.

Trust yourself first.

Never ask your friends to do for you what you
can do for yourself.

All great men have defects; you have a few
yourself.

Self-deception is a pit-fall dug by yourself.

If you would amend men, begin with yourself.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.

There is only one to whom you can safely trust
your secrets—yourself.

If you want it well done, do it yourself.

Youth. Mold the clay of youth while it is moist.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.

Youth is a seed-field; beware what you sow in it.

Z

Zeal. Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.

Zeal is a fire that must be watched.

Zeal without discretion is a braying ass.

Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in the
dark.

Irish Bulls and Irish Wit.

(The author claims to be the "original author" of those marked with a *.)

Said Pat to the priest: "Father, Oi hope Oi may live te hear ye prache me funeral sermon."

Said Mike to his wife: "Whin Oi married ye, Biddy, ye hadn't a rag te yer back." "True indade, Mike, an' now it's all rags," said Biddy.

"Is your sister's baby a son or a daughter?" asked a friend of Tim. "Faith," replied Tim, "Oi dunno yit wheder Oi'm an uncle er an ant."

"Darlint," said Pat to his sweetheart, "Oi love ye as well ez Oi wud ef Oi hed knowd ye fer siven long years, an' a gra-ate dale bether."

Mike O'Rourke went to confession and told the priest a lot of his peccadillos. "Have you told me all?" asked the priest. "Barin' wan," said Mike; "Oi stole Widdy Maloney's pig." "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "you must make restitution; you must return the pig to Mrs. Maloney." "But Oi can't," said Mike, "he's kilt, an' Oi ate 'im." "Then you will have to pay her double the value of the pig or you'll never get into Heaven," said the priest. "But nobody but me an' yerself knows it, an' ye daren't pache on me," said Mike. "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "when you get up to St. Peter's gate you'll find Widow Maloney an' her pig both there to confront you." "Father, be ye shure thot Widdy Maloney an' her pig'll both be there?" "Sure," said the priest, "unless you make restitution." "Thin," said Mike, "Oi'll make reshtitootion: Oi'll tell Widdy Maloney te take her dom pig." *

"Come in, ye spalpeen," said Biddy to her drunken husband, "ye must be fatagued, walkin' a long road fer a jug av whuskey." "Arrah!" said Pat, "it wuzn't

the long uv the road, but the broad av it, thot fa-tagued me."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge, when Pat was arraigned on a criminal charge. "How the divil kin Oi tell till Oi hear the ividence?" replied Pat.

"Ah, Mike, ye've gone an' sold thot old pot thot's bin in this family fer three ginerations. What made ye do thot?" said Biddy. "Oi wudn't be afther partin' wid it," said Mike, "on'y fer four 'bits' te buy a bag av petates te bile in it."

"Pat," said Tim, "don't marry young. Oi wuz on'y twinty-wan whin Oi got married, an' Oi'll niver marry so young agin ef I live te be ez old ez Methuselum."

Two Irishmen were working at a mine. One of them fell into a deep pit. The other yelled down to him, "Say, Pat, be ye kilt?" "Not intirely," replied Pat, "but Oi'm knocked spacheless."

"I am waiting for a patient like Patience on the monument," said a young doctor to his Irish servant. "An' whin yez gits wan," said Pat, "it won't be long befor the monument be on the patient." *

"I have a very dangerous case here," said the country doctor. "Yis, indade, an' it's yer midicin-case, dochthor," replied Mrs. Maloney.*

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin, dochthor." "What kind?" asked the physician. "Ony kind ye carry, dochthor." "What ails you, Pat?" "Oi'm tired o' foightin' wid Biddy, an Oi'm dyin' te be kilt," said Pat.*

"Me pore brother Mike hez gone te the divil," said Tim. "Indade, is he dead?" asked his friend Flanagan. "No; it's woorse," said Tim, "he's gone te a lahyer." *

"Whar be ye goin', Pat?" asked a friend who met him on the road. Pat replied: "Me boy, Tim hez

rooned away and gone te the divil, an' Oi goin' afther 'im." *

"Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em," said Mike to his friend at a lunch-counter. "Spake aisy, Mike," said his friend, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins." *

"Whar hev ye bin, Pat?" "Oi dunno whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git thar," said Pat.*

"Oi'm a mon av few wor-rds," said McGroarty. "Thru, indade," said Tim, "but ye spake 'em te ivy-body." *

"Lind me five shillins, Tim, an' Oi'll make ye a millionaire," said Mike. "Arrah, ye spalpeen, whin will ye make me a millionaire?" "In twinty minits," said Mike,— "wid a bottle av 'Auld Irish tay.'" *

"Widdy O'Brien," said Pat, "Oi hev a gra-ate sacret an' Oi nade a woman te help me kape it." *

Pat, who had just arrived from Erin, and voted the "Dimecratic ticket" in New York, saw for the first time a steam-shovel at work. "Bad luck te yez, ye dom Nager Republikin machane!" growled Pat, "ye kill the pore wor-rkin' mon an' thin stale the bread out av 'is mout. Ye kin toot-toot, an' poof-poof, an' dig-dig, but—Glory be te God!—yez can't vote." *

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket line. "Bring 'im in," replied his Captain. "Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat," said the Captain. "But the dom Hathen won't let me," said Pat.

(This is the origin of "Caught a tartar," and nearly equivalent to the "*Auribus teneo lupum*" of Terence.)

"It be a long road thot niver raches the ind," said Mike.*

"Avide ony road thot tur-runs te the left," said Tim, "it allus lades te the divil." *

"Yer auld frind Mac hez got a job at lasht," said

Pat. "Whar?" asked Sam. "In the pinetinchery," said Pat.*

"My conscience aches," said a penitent at a camp-meeting. "It be achin' fer a plashter av 'green-backs,'" said Hooligan.*

"I'll give you 'ninety days' and the 'gold cure,'" said the police judge to Pat, arrested for being drunk on the street. "Oi don't nade the ninety days, Joodge," said Pat, "but Oi'm pore an' nady, an' Oi'll take the goold cure, plaze." *

"Jisht befor the Battle av the B'yne began" private Pat Murphy was handed an iron "breast-plate" by his Captain and told to strap it on over his vital parts. Pat proceeded immediately to strap it on over the bigger part of him "behint." The Captain laughed and passed on. After the "retrate" Pat pulled off his breast-plate and found the mark of a musket ball on it. "Look o' thot, Captain," said Pat; "the inemy knowed whar me 'vital pairts' be, ez well ez Oi knowed it mesel."*

Champ Clark, an Irishman from Cork, went fishing for cat-fish in the "Missouree." He finally caught one—a forty-pound cat-fish, and for safe-keeping, lugged it up the steep bank and deposited it in a mud-hole. Then Champ went back and fished till sundown, but "he didn't git nary nuther bite." Meantime a little darkey, who had been fishing down below, and caught only one little two-pound "cat," came along. He fished out Champ's forty-pounder, dropped his two-pounder in the mud-hole and skipped. Champ finally crawled up the high bank and poked around in the mud-hole for his big fish. He found the little cat—the only fish in the hole. Champ looked "fatagued," but he braced up "wid a sup av coold tay frum his impty jug," and picked up the little "cat." "It be a

cot, sure," said Champ, "an' the ony fish in thot hole. It musht be me cot-fish. Beloiike thot coold tay mag-gefoid 'im a bit whin Oi cotched 'im, but, nay-the-less. —loike me frind Tiddy—Gorry moighty—how he be shrunk!" *

At a regimental parade, after the final victory at Ladysmith in the Boer War, the colonel of a "crack" British regiment ordered Corporal Pat Nolan to step two paces to the front. "Corporal Nolan," said the Colonel, "I am ordered by her Majesty, the Queen, to pin this bronze medal on your breast for your gallant conduct in the defense of Ladysmith, and to deposit in the bank, at interest, payable to you annually for life, this ten-pound note of the Bank of England." "Kin Oi spake wan wor-rd?" asked Pat with a salute. "Proceed," said the Colonel. "Ef it be all the same te yerself an' the Quane," said Pat, "plaze pin thot tin-pound note on me breasht, an' put the midal te me cridit in the bank."

"It is wid gra-ate pleasure thot Oi extind te ye me hear-rt-felt sympathy on the death av yer beloved husband," wrote Desmond to Mrs. Parnell.*

A young lady at a crowded concert was looking for a seat. A polite Irishman (who was occupying one himself), said to her: "Oi wud be plazed te give ye a sate, Miss, but ivery wan av the impty sates be all full intirely."

An Irishman whose feet were of different size ordered a pair of boots made accordingly. They were delivered, and, as he tried to get his larger foot into the smaller boot, he broke out: "Dom thot shoemaker. Oi told 'im te make wan boot larger than the ether, an' the dom fool hez made wan boot smaller than the ether."

An Irishman got out of a train at a lunch station,

and while he was eating his lunch the train pulled out. "Hould on!—stop!" yelled Pat, "thar's wan passenger on boord thot ye've left behind."

"It is very sickley here this year," said one resident of Dublin to another. "Yis, indade," said the other, "mony people hev died this year thot niver died befoor."

"Where is the other end of this rope?" demanded the mate of an Irish sailor. "It's cut off, sor," said the sailor.

"Me grandfather is dead, an' he willed all his property te me," said Pat. "Whin did he make his will?" asked Mike. "Immadiately afther he died," said Pat.*

"Misther Dobbin, I want ye te make me will," said Mike. "What disposition do you want to make of your property?" asked Lawyer Dobbin. "I want te lave it all te meself entirely," said Mike.*

"Afther he wuz past cure the dochtor give 'im a dose av midicin thot cured 'im immadiately," said Mrs. Ryan.*

"Ef ye don't recave this letther, ye may be sure it hez got losht in the post, so plaze answer it immadiately," wrote O'Brien to his wife.

"Oi beg yer pardon; Oi ought te hev answered your letther two weeks ago, but Oi recaved it on'y this mornin'," wrote McGroarty to Dougherty.

"Hev ye a drop av the 'cratur' wid ye, Pat?" "Oi've on'y an' impty bottle filled wid wahter," said Pat.*

"Mr. Spaker," said Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish Parliament (1775) "it is the juty av ivery lover av his country te give his lasht guinea te save the remainder."

"There wuz nobody in the coach but two passengers on the outside," said Pat.

Pat, who had never seen a railway engine, came over from Ireland. His brother Mike, who was a section boss on the Harlem, just above New York, met him at Castle Garden and took him up the Hudson in a sailboat. After dinner they took a walk up the track over a fill and into a deep cut. Just then the "Albany Flyer" came tooting down the track. "Roon, Pat—roon fer yer life!" yelled Mike as he ran up the slope of the cut. But Pat took the track and he ran for the fill.

The cow-ketcher ketched 'im an' over the grade
Tumbled Pat an' a dale av a moanin' he made;
Frightened Mike he ran down where poor Patsy
was spilt:

"It be a mi-racle, Patsy, that ye wuzn't kilt;
Why didn't ye roon, Pat?" "An' did'nt Oi roon?
But thot dom snortin' cratur cud bate a balloon."

"Dom it, Patsy, why didn't ye roon up the hill?
Yez come nigh a-gittin' a ride te the divil."

"Aw, Mike," stammered Pat, as he limped on the
fill,

"Ef Oi cudn't bate the dom baste on the livil,
Sure, how cud Oi bate 'im a-roonin' up hill?" *

—*Pat and the Flyer.*

"It is a gra-ate comfort te be all alone by yerself,"
said Pat, "ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye."

"Mike, I'm goin' te build me a new house; Oi'll pul
down the old wan an' use the metarial in buildin' the
new one." "Where will ye live, Pat?" "Oi'll live in
the old wan till the new wan be finished."

Tim wired from New York to the coroner at Los
Angeles: "Oi'm afeard thot unknown mon thot wuz
drownded on Dead-man's Island is me long lost

brother. Plaze look 'im over wid care an' see ef he be near-sighted an' hev an impediment in his spache." *

"Thar is not wan man in the House of Commons," roared an Irish member, "thot hez not felt the thruth of me argyment throbbin' in his hea-art fer a thousand years." *

"Oirland," roared an Irish member in the House of Commons, "'ll give England her death-blow, an' she'll niver recoover frum it in a hundered years." *

"It wud be bether, Mr. Spaker, te give up a part av the Constitution, or aven the whole av it, te save the remainder."—*Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish Parliament.*

"Gentlemen, isn't one man as good as another?" cried a stump-speaker. "Av coorse 'e is—an' a dom sight bether," yelled an excited Irishman.*

At the battle av B'yne not a mon av me company escaped alive, except foor thot wuz drowned in the river.—*Capt. Connor.*

Olives. People fond of salt-pickled Spanish olives can appreciate the following: An Irish judge (justice of the peace) who resided and held court at Booly-glass, County Kilkenny, had many friends who had emigrated from that county to the police force in New York City. On the pressing invitation of all the members of the "foorce," including "Croaker," the boss, the "Joodge" came over to New York to meet his Hibernian friends and be hailed and feasted by them. They gave him a royal reception and a banquet at Delmonico's. The "Joodge" had never seen an olive. When the champagne and "auld Irish tay" had taken effect, and "Erin-go Bragh" got "fast and furious," and the hilarity of the occasion was at high tide, the "Joodge" discovered a small plate of green pickled olives near his plate, and tried to eat one. He spat it out. He tried another, and with a wry face spat it

out vigorously. He looked indignant as he arose: "Gintlemin," said the Joodge, "Oi don't wish te dish-turb the hilarity av this gra-ate occasion, but Oi feel thot the dignity av meself an' the High Coorts av Ireland demond thot Oi make a remairk."

"Remairk! Remairk! Remairk!" was yelled unanimously by the *ge*-lorified Sons of Erin; and the Joodge proceeded: "Gintlemin, Oi'm plazed te be compilled te make the remairk thot the gintlemon ez p—— in the pickles is no gintlemon at all."

"We Hinglishmen live better than you Hirishmen," said a Briton to Pat in the town of Tipperary; "we 'ave roast beef and potatoes for dinner every day." "A divil a bit kin ye bate us," said Pat, "thot be jisht phwot Oi ate fer me dinner three toims ivery day—barin' the bafe." *

"Oi'd loike te twisht the tail av thot 'divil' in the prentin' office ez bod ez he twishted me tale this mornin'," said a Dublin reporter.*

"Be ye huntin' a job?" asked the section-boss of a tramp. "Yis, an aisy wan," said the hobo. "Gwan!" said the boss, "ye'll find it in the jail." *

An Irish policeman on Broadway was trying to make a crowd of people standing in front of a shop move on. "Gintlemin, plaze move on," said he. "Ef ivery mon av yez stands blockin' the way, how the divil kin the rest av yez git by?"

It was a Dublin paper that reported in 1890 that "The health of Mr. Parnell has lately taken a bad turn, and serious fears of his recovery are entertained."

"Dochtor," said a very sick Irishman, "whin Oi die, be sure te make a post-mortar examination and find out what ails me, fer Oi'm dyin' te know."

Said Pat on his death-bed: "Don't bury me alive till afther Oi'm crimated"—(cremated).*

In a legal argument before the Court an Irish barrister exclaimed: "Thot hez bin the lah, yer Honor, frum time immemorial fer the lasht tin years!" The "Coort took it under advisement" for the next tin years.*

"An' yer're fayther is dead?" said Mike. "Indade he is," said Tim. "An' it's what we'll all hev to come to if we live long enough."

"I'm fighting for the dear people," cried a candidate for Congress. "How mony av 'em hev yez in yer family?" asked Pat.*

"Gintlemin, Oi can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddy an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em."*

At an anti-England mass-meeting in Dublin, it was vociferously resolved "to gather up all the notes of the Bank of England to be found in Ireland, and make a bonfire and burn 'em."

"Do you understand French, Pat?" "Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in Oirish," said Pat.

"What be yer politics?" asked the Tammany boss of the Bowery, of a "raw recruit" from Erin who wanted a "star on the Foorce." "Oi be agin the goovernmint," said Mike. "Why be ye agin the goovernmint?" asked the boss. "Me grandfayther, me fayther an' ivery dom mon in Oirland allus be agin the goov-ernmint," said Mike. "Oi'll be plazed te ricommand ye fer a 'star': ye'll make a thrue Tammany Dime-crat," said the boss.*

"What are you doing there?" yelled the major at Color-sergeant Pat running to the rear with the flag. "Oi'm flagin' the inemy te folly ef they dare," said Pat.*

"Boys," said the captain when the battle begun, "you're going into hell. Remember your country and follow the flag." "Plaze take the lead wid the flag yerself, sor, an' we'll folly ye te the gate," said private Pat.*

An Irishman, who had never seen a canary bird, came over from the land of the "Green" and hired out to a Yankee in Hoboken. The next day Pat discovered a "yellow-jacket" wasp nest in the stable. "Phot be thot?" asked Pat of his employer. "It's a nest of canary birds," said the Yankee wag: "hold your hand up under the nest and a beautiful little bird will come out and sing ye a song." Pat put the back of his hand up under the hole in the bottom of the nest, and immediately a "yellow-jacket" came out on his hand.

"Ah," said Pat, "ye purthy little cratur, ring-straked an' speckled wid goold! Now, ye darlint little boord, sing me a song—sing 'Erin go Bragh' fer me, plaze—Ouch!—howly Jasus! how it bur-rns whar she puts her little futs!" *

Mike fell in a fit and remained so long unconscious and rigid that all thought he was dead. They put him in a box and held a "wake" over him. Past midnight, in the height of the hilarity, his old chum Pat put a bottle of whiskey at the head of the "corpse." "Take a sup av it, Mike," said Pat. Immediately Mike grabbed the bottle and rose up in the box. The women screamed, but Mike's old chum had nerve: "Howly Gosht! Mike, lie doon: ye be dead ez a salt mackerel, an' we be holdin' a 'wake' over yez, Mike, an' the praste be prayin' ye out av Purgatory," said Pat.

"Arrah," said Mike. "De ye think Oi be sic a dom

fule te be dead, wid a bottle av 'Erin-go-bragh' at me head?" *

"Halt," yelled the sergeant to private Pat breaking for the rear in a smart skirmish; "yer no brave man, Pat." "Sure, Oi'm brave enough meself," said Pat, "but Oi can't kape me dom legs frum roonin' away wid me."

The following dialogue occurred in Los Angeles between Captain Murphy and Corporal McGroarty: "Wuz ye in the Civil War, Mac?" "Sure, Oi wuz, Murphy, fer six long months an' tin days." "War yez an officer, Mac?" "Indade Oi wuz; Oi hild a commissary frum the Prisidint ez Corporal in the 'Tammany Tigers.'" "How auld be ye, Corporal, an' hev ye a pinsion?" "Oi be pasht sivinty-wan an' Oi niver axed fer a pinsion." "De ye know, Corporal, ye be intitled te an auld-age pinsion av \$15 ivery month? Ye shud apply fer it immadiately." "Shure Oi knows it, but Oi wouldn't tech an auld-age pinsion wid a tin fut shtick: thim auld-age pinsioners be all dyin' aff ivery day," said McGroarty.*

"Bad luck te Auld England!" cried an Irish member of the House of Commons; "ye hev took ivery thing from Oireland but the taxes, an' now ye be thryin' te take away the taxes." *

In the presidential campaign of 1856 Millard Fillmore was the candidate of the "Know-nothing" (Native American) party. A stump-speaker, making a spread-eagle speech in his behalf, shouted: "Millard Fillmore is the poor man's friend; he himself was born in poverty: his poor mother cradled him in a sap-trough." "Arrah!" yelled Pat from the audience, "an' thot's th' raison he be sic a dom 'Know-nothin' saphead!'" *

In the presidential campaign of 1856 the Hon. Sam. Gordon, of Delhi, New York, was making a speech for "Fremont and Jessie" to a crowded audience in the court-house at Poughkeepsie. In reviewing Buchanan's political career he exclaimed for the third time: "And in that matter, gentlemen, he had his eye on the presidential chair." An excited Irish democrat rose up in the rear and yelled: "Yis, be Jasus, an' the foorth av Mairch next he'll hev his — on it!" When the laughter subsided, Gordon replied: "I hope not, my Irish friend, but if so it be, there will be surely an ass in the chair"; and then the Republican audience yelled.

"Gentlemen, I am running again for the presidency," said Bryan on the rear end of his car in his third campaign.

"An' how mony toims moor be ye goin' te run on wan leg on the hind ind av the race?" asked "Croaker." *

"My hat is in the ring," said Teddy at Cleveland.

"An' the ring be in the '*Steal* Trust,'" said "Widdy" Wilson.*

"Me ould grandfayther is dead," said Pat, "an' he's the on'y survivor av the battle av Watherloo." *

"The Irish Bull broke inty the House of Commons," said Redmond, "an' they've been milkin' him ever since." *

"What has posterity done for us?" said Sir Boyle Roche in a speech in Parliament. There was much laughter. "Oi don't mane our ancestors—Moses, an' Abraham, an' the loike," said Roche, "but the min thot came immediatly afther thim." And then the House roared.

"I'm sorry, Pat. I see that you and your partner have gone into bankruptcy. "Yis, indade; bad luck te

specelation. We wuz driv inty the bankrupt coort on a foor harse tame av mools." *

"It's true indade, Pat, but Oi don't belave it," said Mike.*

"You need good manners more than money," said an American to an importunate beggar in Dublin.

"Faith, Oi' axed ye fer the on'y thing ye hev te spare," said Pat.*

"Is this the right road to Limerick?" asked an American tourist of Pat. "Indade it is," said Pat; "kape strate ahid till ye coom te the farks av the road."

"Which road shall I take then," asked the tourist.

"Take the ether wan," said Pat.*

Mrs. McFlanigan called on the judge at Chambers and said: "Jedge, Oi want a disvorce from me good-fer-nothin' husband, McFlanigan." "What's the matter?" asked the judge, "does he beat you?" "Bate me!" said Biddy. "Indade, ef he attempted thot Oi'd bate the livers out av 'im." "Is he a steady worker and a good provider for the family?" "Well, yis," said Biddy, "he buys the petates, an' he swapes the flure an' gits the supper and washes the dishes afther he gits home frum his wurruk." "Does he drink, Mrs. McFlanigan?" "No, Jedge, not frequently; wonct in a while he stales a sup out av me jug." "You must have good grounds for divorce; what grounds, then, have you, Mrs. McFlanigan?" "Sure, Oi hev the besht grounds in the worruld, Jedge—infidelity: Mc-Flanigan is not the fayther av me lasht child." *

These stray "chicks" of mine are not at home here, but they were hatched after my *Indian Legends and Other Poems* were out, and I want to give them a roosting-place and save them from the wolf—for a time—if I can.—Hanford L. Gordon, Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1, 1912.

Colonel Wilkin.

(Read at the unveiling of the statue of Colonel Alexander Wilkin. at the Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota, September 8, 1910.)

I knew him—that little Wilkin,
 Bundle of nerves of steel;
 I knew him—that gallant Wilkin—
 Captain of Company "A"
 Of the "North Star's" famous "First."

I saw him—that gallant Wilkin—
 Bundle of nerves of steel—
 When the Bull Run rout begun—
 Holding his company steady
 When hell broke loose on the hill—
 Holding his company steady
 When most of us broke and run,—
 Holding his company steady
 With saber and gun and skill:
 Nobody thought he could do it,
 But Wilkin said "*I will!*"

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
 In that bloody fight at Gun-town—
 Where the stalwart "Ninth Minnesota"
 Breasted the Rebel charge;
 Where the color-guards fell by the colors,
 And Sergeant and colors went down.

The brave ranks faltered a moment
And a few of them broke—but *No!*
That Scotch-gristled Sergeant, Macdonald,
Sprang to his feet and flaunted
His flag in the face of the foe.
And he—that gallant Wilkin—
Aflame with heroic zeal—
Covered our flying disaster
With his iron men of the “Ninth”
In a blazing wall of steel.

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
That bundle of nerves of steel—
When he won the battle of Tupelo,
And fell, like a Spartan, fighting
For our country's cause and weal.
“Boys,” he said, “I am blinded;
Everything looks so dark;
I can't see the colors, Comrades,
Everything looks so dark.”

Comrades, we are dropping—
Only a few of us left;
The bravest have gone before us—
Only a few of us left.

But swing your hats and the colors;
Send up a ghostly cheer
For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
Bundle of nerves of steel—
Who fell like a Spartan, fighting
For his country's cause and weal.

Comrades, we are dropping—
 Only a few of us left;
 The bravest have gone before us—
 Only a few of us left.
 Don't you hear our Comrades cheering
 Over the River?—Hark!
 I can't see their beaming faces—
 "Everything looks so dark."

But swing your hats and the colors;
 Send up a ghostly cheer
 For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
 Soldier with nerves of steel—
 Who fell, like a Spartan, fighting
 For his country's cause and weal.

Comrades, we are ready:
 Let the bugler bugle "*Taps*":
 But hold the colors steady:
 We've had our day of toil and play:
 Gray bugler, toot the "*Taps*":
 But we'll swing our hats before we go,
 And yell once more, as they yelled that day,
 For the hero of Tupelo.

Au Revoir.

I'm going out—I'm going out
Upon a starless sea:
There is no light to-night—to-night—
On ship or shore for me.
My bark's adrift; O God, I lift
My craven prayer to Thee:
I'm going out in mist and doubt
Upon the shoreless sea.
I'm going out—I'm going out
Upon a starless sea:
I see no light to-night—to-night;
I only hope; I can not doubt
Thy father-care for me.

Later

Good-night—good-night: I'm going out
Upon a *star-lit sea*.
At last to-night I see the light—
God's beacon-light for me.
I'm going out—I'm going out
Upon the star-lit sea;
No more I fear—no more I doubt:
I see the beaming beacon-light
An Angel holds for me.
The winds are still: His mighty will
Hath stilled the stormy sea:
Good-night—good-night: I see the light—
I see the light—I see the light
An Angel holds for me.

December 30, 1911.

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